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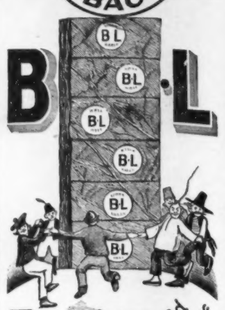

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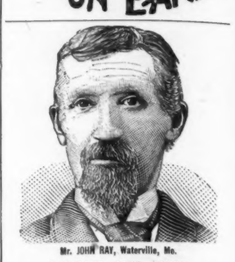

Mr. JOHN RAY, Waterville, Me.

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A WORD TO THE SUFFERING FROM A RELIABLE FARMER.

I have suffered with Dyspepsia for the last fifteen years and at times thought I would die. Last winter I was having one of my bad spells, and had called in two doctors without receiving any relief. My wife wanted to have a third one, and asked me whom she should send for. I told her to send for a bottle of Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup, which she did, and in less than an hour after using it I was relieved. I continued to take it until I was completely cured. Today I am a well man, free from all stomach trouble.

My greatest trouble was distress after eating, sour stomach, severe headaches, and choking spells. I suffered everything but death. I consider Groder's Syrup one of the best blood medicines ever made.

JOHN RAY,
Waterville, Me.

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VOL. LX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1892. No. 30.

It is estimated that Montana will send 100,000 head of beef cattle to market this season. That's what's the matter!

Good fences make peace with the stock in pasture. No one ever gets dissatisfied over a good fence.

The different Subordinate Granges are discussing taxation and the listing bill. Will they do anything about it?

Cottolene is a composition made of cotton seed oil and beef suet. Bakers use it as a substitute for butter in certain kinds of cookery.

Many farmers are short of hay, and there is a brisk demand for it in the country towns. The backward growth of grass, caused by the continuous cold of the month, is the chief cause of the shortage.

The hill lands of New England may not be so inviting from the farmer's standpoint as the dead levels of the great West, but there is this comforting conclusion in regard to the situation at this time—we are above water.

The supply of cattle at Chicago continues to overflow, and the consequent prices are down, down each week. Such prices take the courage all out of the business here. Eastern trade now is nearly all supplied with the dressed meat from Chicago.

Turner Grange at a recent meeting voted not to make an exhibit at the State Fair next September. The exhibit made by this Grange for several years has been an attractive section at Exhibition Hall. Other Granges no doubt will come in and fill the space.

The butter fat left in skim milk is usually referred to by dairy speakers and writers as "lost." This is not quite correct, however, where the skim milk is utilized. Even the small amount of butter fat ordinarily remaining in skim milk adds to its value, whether sold in market or utilized for feeding to young animals on the farm.

Grass at its present stage of growth however plentiful, is a pretty weak feed to depend upon. Cows in milk, and fattening cattle should be fed dry fodder at the barn as long as they will take it. While grass is still so immature, they take the dry hay and meal ration with much relish. This young grass makes an excellent part ration, and when it is supplemented with the proper dry fodder stock will thrive on the combination wonderfully.

For "grubs" in the head of sheep, the *Sheep Breeder* gives the following prescription: Mix turpentine and raw linseed oil in equal parts; procure at the drug store a common bulb-syringe with a nozzle at least six inches long. Let the sheep stand naturally on the ground between the legs of the operator. Charge the syringe, introduce the nozzle slowly and very carefully the full length of the nostrils, (this will be nearly or quite six inches in a grown sheep,) then quickly inject about a teaspoonful of the mixture up the nostril. Treat both. In a week repeat.

The Season.

The month of May has been exceptionally cold, notwithstanding the winter's snow disappeared early, and farm work was entered upon at a date that gave promise of an early spring. At these opening days of June vegetation of all kinds is unusually backward, while the soil is still cold. Even grass has not made its usual progress, and pastures are affording but scanty feed for even the young stock of the herds. Feeding at the barn has been kept up, (or ought to have been,) to a late date, and on most farms down to the present time, thus making an unexpected and an unusual draft on what was supposed to be a bounteous store of fodder for the stock on hand. The unprovided for draft on the hay has in many cases exhausted the supply on hand, and as a result many farmers have had to buy. There has been more call for hay in the country towns than for many years past. The bountiful crops of hay for several years have enabled farmers to stock up heavily, so that this uncommon draft on their supply has been promptly met. Much of this increase of animals is horse stock, and as this is not generally salable until arriving at a useful age, there was no opening for a reduction of numbers. Shipping sales of hay, on account of the better prices prevailing, have also been heavy. As a result of this double demand, the stock of hay in the State has been reduced lower than for any time in the past three years. Should the crop this year for any reason be cut short, much surplus stock must necessarily be thrown on the market.

The spring has been especially favorable for work on the land—dry and cool, and as a result a large breadth has been seeded. This was prepared in the best of order.

The snow fall of the evening of the 21st ult., and the morning of the 22d, was remarkable for the late date of such an event, and also for the depth with which it covered the ground. The hill sections of the State remained blanketed with their white coverings for thirty-six hours—a rare occurrence indeed for a late snow. The green foliage of the trees just starting into beauty, and the early blossoms of the plums and cherries, loaded with their white covering of this relic of winter's cold, was a sight to please the eye of the artist no doubt, but was not particularly inviting to him whose attention for weeks had been associated with the anticipation of a harvest as the result of his labors.

Potatoes are in over-supply in producers' hands, and without selling value. Many will be fed out to stock for want of a market.

June is now upon us, and with expectations of brighter sunshine and warmer days, those who dress the garden and till the fields take up the work peculiar to the season in full expectation that a bountiful harvest will reward their efforts.

Wide Tires.

As related to the matter of good roads, which has been receiving wide discussion of late, the recommendation of the use of wide tires on wheels carrying heavy loads comes in as an appendix. Some of the agricultural press have been calling public attention to the importance of this matter of late, and we refer to it further for the purpose of alluding to some experience that has been had in our State in the use of what others are recommending. In our own farm work we have always used the wide tires, and with entire satisfaction as to their advantage over those commonly in use among us.

Probably there is no road in New England over which there is more heavy teaming than that from Milltown to Calais, two miles, in this State, Milltown being the point of manufacture of immense quantities of our Eastern lumber, and the tide water at Calais the shipping point. A large part of this lumber is drawn by trains from the mills to the wharves. Many years ago a special act of the legislature was secured requiring that no wheels should be used in this work under a specified width of tire. We know not whether the law now still stands, but the six inch tires are still used in this work. On the occasion of a visit to the place last year we noted the effect of these wide tires on the road. Many of these six-horse teams are at work all the time drawing their immense loads over this road, yet no ruts are made. Indeed, each wheel seemed to be doing the work of a roller in hardening and smoothing the entire track, thus aiding in the making of a good road way, instead of continually working destruction to it. The experience in that locality ought to be a guide to others in their efforts at maintaining good roads.

But it is necessary that good roads be constructed in the first place. When thus provided, there can be no doubt but wide tires are less destructive in their effect on the road bed than those in more common use.

True, the draft of wide tires on a perfect road bed, well hardened, is no easier than the narrow, yet unless smooth and hard, the advantage in this respect is very marked. On all our common roads wide tired wheels draw much the easier.

In France, it is said, it is customary to use tires six inches wide for heavy teaming, and the forward axles of four wheeled wagons are made shorter than the hind axles, so that the four wheels roll a portion of the road two feet wide at every trip. Such wagons would improve the most of the common country earth roads.

The Condensed Milk Business and the Farmers.

The farmers who have taken stock in the condensed milk business soon to start up in our State, must not make the mistake to suppose that this new business is going to create milk. Many sections of this State made the costly blunder years ago in taking it for granted that the erection of a cheese factory would make milk to run it with. The result did not pan out worth a cent, and, beside a loss of much money, was a serious set back to the business from which the sections affected have never yet recovered.

A large amount of milk will be called for at these factories and must be forthcoming if the business is ever reasonably successful. The vicinity of Newport, where the business is first to open, is not a great dairy section, and even Winthrop where the work is soon to follow, has not as many cows by quite a per cent. as ten or fifteen years ago.

Nor will the price paid for this milk be high. It will have to be supplied at only medium wholesale prices for the product. The makers of the milk, then, should not make the mistake of basing great expectations on a small amount of milk. The only way to realize on this business is to go into the making of milk on an enlarged scale. This will work in two directions. It will enable the factory to operate to better advantage, and it will aid the farmer to realize more from his arm of the business. It is quite time for the farmers to prepare for their part of the work. Holding back will only cripple the business. There is no question but dairying is the best business among us, and the more a farmer does of it the better it grows.

The State Colleges.

One by one the colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts in the several States are getting into line as distinctive institutions. This is as it should be. Maine and Massachusetts started right in this respect in the first place. Vermont connected its grant with its university at Burlington, and has realized but little benefit from it so far as agriculture and mechanics are concerned. In its legislature, two years ago, the farmers tried to set the matter right, but failed. No doubt with another effort they will be successful. New Hampshire has already broken from Dartmouth and is setting up an independent institution at Durham. Rhode Island loaned its grant to Brown University. Recently, however, the State established an agricultural school and experiment station at Kingston, and now the farmers ask of its legislature that the recent congressional grant of fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars a year be placed to the promotion of the Kingston school, instead of going to Brown University. The House of Representatives has just passed a bill to that effect, and it is quite probable the Senate will ratify this action, when the farmers and mechanics of that State will fall into line with a school devoted expressly to their interests. Thus the industrial classes win their way when they rise up and put forth an effort to that end. Certainly those succeed who put forth an effort to help themselves.

Bones.

The foreman of a bone-boiling establishment on Long Island was explaining the business to a venturesome reporter on the New York *Sun*.

"Don't smell like a pineapple, eh? That's what a good many folks say. But Lord! why should it? We hain't p'servin' pineapples. We're b'lilin' bones. There's more money in bone-b'lilin' than there is in b'lilin' pineapples, an' I'll bet you on it!"

"Them there bones over yonder is kittle-stewed and these here are tank-bi'led," the foreman said, indicating different piles of of old bones that had passed through the rendering process. "Them slick lookin' bones over there is shins, an' them yonder is bones out o' the forelegs o' cattle. Here's a lot o' shinbone knuckles, all ready for burnin'. They'll be chucked in with that pile o' ribs, skulls, an' odds an'ends o' j'ints you see in the corner yonder, an' all made into boneblack. The burners would like to have the best quality o' bones for their use, 'cause they git more charcoal out o' them than they kin out o' the common bones. The boneblack they make goes to the sugar refiners, an' this big heap o' old ribs an' skulls an' et cettery of cattle an' sheep skeletons will jest as like as not be filtern' sugar in a few days, an' some o' you fellers may be sweet'nin' your coffee with the same sugar 'fore a week's over. But the bone burners don't git the best quality bones, not from us they don't! The best quality is shins an' thighs an' forelegs, an' we don't waste no shins, nor no thighs, nor no forelegs on bone burners. Nor on fertilizer grinders, neither. They can pay no more'n $25 a ton for the best there is, an' we kin sell all the shins we git fer $40 a ton. Thighs is worth $80 a ton to us, an' ev'ry ton o' them forelegs we kin bile fetches us $120 a ton.

"What do we do with 'em? We turn 'em over to art. Not painters an' sculptors but carvers an' gougers. Show me your knife handles, your tooth brushes, your collar buttons, your fancy ivory jewelry an' sleeve buttons, your nice white umbrella handles, your hair brushes, your combs an' your et cettery of the like, an' I'll tel you, 'thighs, shins, forelegs.' Art o' that kind can't git enough o' these parts o' skeletons to keep it goin'. Europe takes most o' the thighs, an' sends 'em back to you in buttons an' knife handles. Fancy parasol handles is turned out o' sheep's legs, ar some o' the nicest fans your ever see used to be trottin' some old ram or ewe around the pastur' lot. Sheep-leg bones polishes up slicker than any other bones, an' ain't so brittle as a cow's shin or a steer's thigh.

"We gether in bones from all over the country. A ton o' pig iron ain't worth a quarter as much as a ton o' the commonest kinds o' bones is when it's ready for the burner or grinder. As fer the art bones, brass is hardly in it with them. We turn mostly to the West now for our bones, 'cause out there, more'n any place else, they recognize what is due to burnin', grindin' an' art, and try their best to keep the market supplied with bones by killin' cattle an' sheep as fast as they kin come strippin' the meat off so's the bones kin come forw'd thus aiding in the making of a good road way, instead of continually working destruction to it. The experience in that locality ought to be a guide to others in their efforts at maintaining good roads.

"Then there's the bears' grease we git out o' the bones. Besides the fans an' umbrella handles, an' the sizin' glue an' neat's-foot oil, there's the bear's grease. A full set o' cow's or steer's shins an' hoofs will give us a pint o' good neat's-foot oil. The liquor that's left after b'lilin' out the shins an' hoofs settles down to be as good a sizin' glue as the paper makers kin git nowadays. An' out of a carload o' bones of all sorts an' sizes we kin squeeze out enough marrow to stock any barber shop in the country with bear's grease for a month. The best bear's grease on the market is made out o' the marrow of old bones.

"No. You wouldn't hadly detect science an' art in the aromer o' this atmosphere, nor pineapple p'servin', neither. Bons b'lilin don't smell p'liciar rosy, that's so. At least that's what everybody thinks. E'vrybody but them that's makin' the boodle out of it. But you ought to come over in summer. Good-day.

Maine Experiment Station.

NEWSPAPER BULLETIN No. 5.

The Comparative Value of Turnips and Grain for Fattening Sheep.

(For a full description of this experiment, see Rep. Me. Exp't Station, Part II, 1891, pp. 47-54.)

This experiment was continued for sixty-three days, and its purpose was to test the comparative feeding value of turnips and grain. Many believe that a green food has a value not shown by the amount of dry matter it contains, and that such food is especially efficient in a ration for sheep. The mixed grain fed consisted of three parts of gluten meal, two parts corn meal, and one part wheat bran. The grain contained 75 pounds of digestible dry matter per hundred, and the rutabagas 12 8 pounds, or the grain 6 9 times as much as the roots.

In the first period 5 pounds of grain were fed against 30 pounds of roots, and in the second period 4 pounds of grain against 30 pounds of roots.

FOOD AND GRAIN OF SHEEP IN PERIOD 1

	Lot 1. More Grain.	Lot 2. More Turnips.
No. of days fed	31	31
Weight of hay fed	620 lbs	620 lbs.
Weight of mixed grain eaten	372 "	217 "
Weight of rutabagas eaten	620 "	1550 "
Weight of sheep at end of period	1222 "	1134 "
Weight of sheep at beginning of period	1125 "	1052 "
Gain in weight	97 lbs.	72 lbs

FOOD AND GAIN OF SHEEP IN PERIOD 2

	Lot 1. More Turnips.	Lot 2 More Grain.
No. of days fed	32	
Weight of hay fed	640 lbs	640 lbs.
Weight of mixed grain eaten	288 "	416 "
Weight of rutabagas eaten	1600 "	640 "
Weight of sheep at end of period	1746 "	1262 "
Weight of sheep at beginning of period	1222 "	1134 "
Gain in weight	124 lbs	138 lbs.

Gain of both lots of sheep eating more grain..... lbs.
Gain of both lots of sheep eating more turnips....196

Difference in favor of ration containing more grain..... 90

The results of the entire experiment, covering 63 days of feeding, may be summarized as follows:

One-half of the sheep ate during this time 1340 pounds of digestible material, and the other half ate 1338 pounds. The difference between the two rations was simply this: that one-half of the sheep received more of their food from roots than did the other half, the total amount of digestible material being practically the same in the two cases. One-half of the sheep ate 1260 pounds of roots, and the other half ate 3150, the difference in the amount of dry digestible organic material in the two quantities being 206 pounds. This 206 pounds of nutrients from the roots was offset by 208 pounds of nutrients from grain, a practically equivalent quantity. Notwithstanding this equivalence in the quantity of material in the two rations, the twelve sheep receiving the more grain gained during the 63 days 39 pounds more than did the other twelve. There seems to be no reason why this test is not a fair one, and it furnishes a weighty bit of evidence against the somewhat common opinion that the dry matter of roots has an especial and peculiar value beyond the small quantity which it may be wise to feed for the purpose of giving variety to the ration.

Orono, Me., May 19th, 1892.

Principles of Agriculture in the Schools.

The *Farmer* informed its readers at the time of the action of the school officers of the city of Auburn, in adopting Winslow's Principles of Agriculture as a study for the schools of that city. Prof. W. W. Stetson, the Superintendent, in his report just issued, refers to this step as follows:

"Early in the summer vacation, the question of having instruction given in the Principles of Agriculture was thoroughly discussed and it was decided to comply with the law. Auburn was the first town in the State to take action in this matter. Your decision has naturally attracted considerable attention in educational circles and the results are awaited with curiosity on the part of some and anxiety on the part of others.

The advantages that would be derived from this study, by the pupils, were set forth in detail in the last year's report and may be summarized here as follows: It will tend to develop the powers of observation, train the reasoning faculties, give to at least an elementary knowledge of the forces of nature by which they are surrounded. It is believed that it will lift the teachers out of some ruts in which they have been running, lead to more and better views of what and how to teach, and best of all it will give the pupils a subject for study that will be of use to them in any station in life. As to methods of instruction, it has been the plan to have no *memoriter* recitations, but to have the pupils master the principles, give in their own words the points made, illustrate from personal observation, and when possible from home environment.

I have asked the teachers to report on the following points: To the first query, "To what extent are the pupils interested in the study?" I get the following replies: "They are pleased and interested in it, I am." "The extent of their interest is indicated by the fact that they are anxious to talk and ask questions about it." "They seem to enjoy the study so much that they are willing to put through work into the preparation of their lessons." "Very much interested." "They enjoy it because it is a change from the routine of study." "Many questions are asked in school and at home on the work." "They are interested and are becoming more so as they advance in the study." "It is very interesting to the boys, but not so much so to the girls." "Not to a great extent." "Very little." It will be seen that three schools make unfavorable reports.

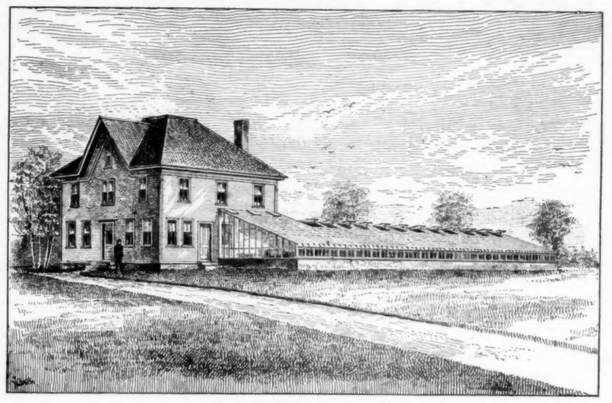
The following replies were given to the question, "In what ways did it improve the work of your school and thus prove useful to your pupils?" "It has aroused new interest, taught them to think, look up questions outside of text books and generally quickened the work of the school." "It fills a vacant place in our school work by giving them a knowledge of their surroundings." "It has taught them to observe nature, discovered certain practices among farmers, awakened a desire for experimenting and laid the foundation for broader science study." "It gives needed variety to the work." "It aids in the work in geography and history." "It helps them to express themselves more fully and accurately." "It produces a general spirit of inquiry, broadens their ideas and leads them to look closely into their studies." "Cannot see that it has improved the work of the schools." "I see very little change."

All of the adverse reports are included in the above extracts. Only selections from the favorable ones are given.

Comments on the above are unnecessary. I am willing to rest the case on this testimony and let the study fight its own battle for a place in the course of study.

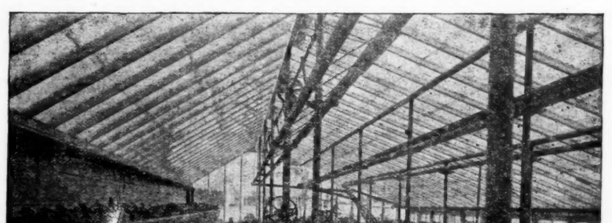
The business of importing watermelons from Mexico into the United States is reaching large proportions. The supply is found in the States of Sonora, on the Pacific Coast, where the quality of the fruit is said to be superior to that grown anywhere else in the country.

THE MAINE STATE COLLEGE.



Forcing House, Maine Experiment Station.

At the time the Horticultural Department came under the charge of Prof. W. M. Munson, a forcing house, 20x200 feet, had just been completed. The house is well constructed. The frame work is of cypress, and the walls are of grout, while the building is heated by hot water. The house is divided in the center by a glass partition, and the hot water pipes have been so arranged that one part may be kept at a much lower temperature than the other. The warm house is arranged for bottom heat, and the cool house for over-head heat. At the present time the warm house is used for tomatoes, cucumbers and beans.



Interior of Cool House.

The above is from a photograph of the interior of the cool house as it appeared in December. The building, in connection with the forcing house, was erected during the year at a cost of about one thousand dollars, a part of the labor being borne by the college. The building contains, besides the furnace room and a room for the smaller garden tools, a general laboratory and work room, a small office, a room for herbarium work, and, as well, appointed photographic studio.

Growing Tomatoes Under Glass.

The above is a view of the Tomato House as it appeared about the first of January. Recognizing the importance of the fruit industry of the State, and the necessity of combatting the insect and fungous enemies which are proving a serious obstacle to success, experiments have been conducted during the year to determine the effectiveness of certain insecticides and fungicides. The results obtained are very encouraging, and the work will be continued and extended during the ensuing year.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Good Stock.

B. F. Pease, Cornish, member of the Board of Agriculture for York county, at present with his son, R. G. Pease, has for years been among the largest farmers in the county. His stock, usually from forty to fifty head, was formerly pure bred and high grade Durhams, for some half a dozen years past, the Durham cows have been bred to pure bred Herefords, with good results, as is always the case when good sires are used. The team of oxen he has used last winter was two pairs of oxen, one pair 7¼ ft., one pair 7 ft.; one pair 4-year-olds this spring, 6¾ ft.; six pairs 3-year-olds, four pairs 2-year-olds, two pairs one year old.

Two pairs, 3 years old, are just about 7 feet in the line, estimated to weigh 3,000 lbs. to the pair. They are all four mottled red, very handsome dark red, with white switches, not a white foot or a white shoulder on either of the lot. Your correspondent in all his observations among the good stock of Maine, has never seen four steers standing side by side, that, in general color, markings, including shape of horns, and in size and build, were so nearly alike as these four.

The other four pairs, same age, are all good ones, averaging 6¾ ft. to the steer. The four pairs that are 2 years old, average nearly 5 ft., 10 in. The four yearlings, Mr. Pease thinks, are as good ones as he ever raised, 5¼ ft. in the line. The largest pair weighing 1400 lbs., when less than 11 months old.

A. J. Small, Gray, has a pair of steer calves, Durham and Holstein grade, that at ten months old measured from nose to feet, very much alike in build, struck out for a big pair.

L. Libby, Raymond, has a pair of very nicely matched 4-year-old oxen, 6 ft., 10 in. in the line, good in the tongue or chain, raised by Millett Bros., Norway. Mr. L. recently sold a pair of very nice oxen raised on the farm, 7 ft., 2 in., to Wm. Leighton & Son, Falmouth.

F. A. Brown, Raymond, has a pair of high grade Hereford oxen, very heavy built, 4 yrs. old, 6 ft., 11 in., in good condition, and doing well in the midst of spring's work, without grain.

John Johnson, Harrison, who always has a good pair or two, recently sold a good pair, 7 ft., 3 in., estimated to weigh 3,500.

J. H. Hamilton, Harrison, sold the Col. Thomes place, keeps about forty head of cattle, having the past winter nine pairs of oxen and steers, six pairs large enough for business. He is raising three pairs the present season.

B. F. Haley, Cornish, is another farmer who always has a good ox team, whether beef is high or low. He now has a pair, 4 yrs. old, 7 ft., 1 in., estimated to weigh 3,500 lbs., a remarkably good pair, and very nicely matched. He has two pairs younger, about 6 ft. in the line, all Hereford grade.

J. S. Weeks, Parsonsfield, has a nice looking bull, 2 yrs. old, sired by Carrency, a pure bred Hereford from the herd of G. G. Underwood, Fayette. He has a pair of 3-year-old steers, two nice ones, 6 ft., 4 in., in the line, and a pair, same age, 6 feet, also two pairs 2-year-olds, and three pairs 1 year old, Hereford grade, and good steers.

E. P. Weeks & Son, Parsonsfield, have a pair of grade Durham oxen, all red, good ones, 7 ft., 2 in., in the line.

Jos. Town, Saco, who for years has had a nice stock of high grade Durhams, now has a pair of nicely matched and nicely built 5-year-old oxen, 7½ ft., raised on the place.

C. S. A.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Colt Farm, Auburn.

While at the "twin cities," as Auburn and Lewiston are sometimes termed, looking over matters generally, we dropped into the stables of Mr. Chas. L. Cushman at Auburn, who represents large business interests, a whole-souled young gentleman, whom it is a pleasure to meet, and whose unique and original methods of conducting the horse breeding business and its incidentals, are something quite outside the common order.

Mr. Cushman's residence is one of the finest in Maine, being built to a great extent of large cobble stone, and in ancient architectural style. The stables are large, commodious, and comfortable, being arranged so that each colt has the benefit of a daily run in the yard, while inside is a nice miniature track whereon the colts may during the winter months receive their kindergarten training. At the time of our visit, many of the yearlings, and several older ones, had been removed to the State Fair grounds, where they will remain during the season.

Mr. Cushman had last season the Nutwood horse, Sir Nutwood, and the quality of his get thus far is such as to make it a matter of regret that the horse could not have been kept in Maine another season. Mr. Cushman issued a catalogue of stock which contains, in addition to the animals then owned at the farm, an appendix containing prize articles from *Clarke's Horse Review*, on colt development, the care and management of mares, the tables of the world, Maine, and Androscoggin county records; also a list of Maine bred 2 30 performers, for ready reference.

The three-year-old stallion, Callcalli, is in the stud, and is a well bred trotting colt. July 3d, 1891, he won the Androscoggin County Breeders' stake, getting a record of 2 37½. After meeting with an accident which for some time practically threw him out of training, he was taken to the New England Breeders' meeting where he was fourth to the Conemaugh colt, Stanley, in the second heat, which was trotted in 2 33¼. Callcalli got fourth place in the race, and was timed the three heats separately in 2.42½, 2 39, and 2 42, which shows that he possesses some rare horse qualities. He was got by Rockefeller, full brother to Campbell's Electioneer, 2 17¾, and was out of a mare of Woodlawn. (time 2 26.) which was by Hero of Thorndale, out of the famous old producing mare Waterwitch. This fellow is well bred enough to suit any one, his second dam being by Gilbreth Knox, 2 26¾. Callcalli is booked for quite a number of trotting events, and will do credit to "the Colt Farm."

What must be regarded as the best bred brood mare upon the farm is the bay mare, Aimée, foaled 1886, by Del Sur, 2 24, son of The Moor, and out of Geraldine, dam of Leanor, 2.24, by Echo, sire of 26 in the 2 30 list, and he a son of Hambletonian 10. Aimée is a nice, strong individual. Her two-year-old bay filly, Dorcas Pratt, is in training this season, and is a fine, handsome blood-like looking miss, got by Stamboul, 2.11. It will be seen there is considerable of inbreeding about this filly, but it doesn't seem to hurt her in the least. Dorcas Pratt is entered in several of the richest stakes of the country, and will do well to upbear the colors of "The Colt Farm."

Royce, one year old, by Warrener, full brother to Sunol, is out of Aimée, and here is a fellow which we greatly liked, strong at every part, in conformation, action, and resoluteness of bearing, he has the qualities which make the trotter.

The next we saw the bay mare Sister Mix and her colt by Harry T., (2 22¼,) a good, showy, sensible, growthy colt. Sister Mix was by Fearnaught, Jr., 2.26, out of Young Sontag, dam of Sontag, 2.31, (time 2 12¼ and 2.23¾,) and 2.28¼. This should be an exceptionally good mare.

Themin, by Achilles, out of the same dam, can show bursts of speed at a 2.20 clip. Achilles, from Sister Mix, by Messenger Wilkes, is a nice filly, bred to trot fast, and go the route out, and has valuable engagements in stakes, and will be entered in others as they are opened. Sister Mix was also the dam of Marchioness, second to Col. Osgood, 2.26, in the three-year-old New England Breeders' stakes of 1891.

The next to claim our attention was the bay mare Pilot Maid, by Black Pilot 2 30, dam Alice Alden, 2.26¾, by Harry T., 2 22¼. We have always looked for the Black Pilot mares to prove themselves great brood mares. Pilot Maid was foaled in 1887, and her first produce is the brown colt Rodrigo, foaled 1891, which will be trotted as a two-year-old.

Miss Twombly, by Burnham Knox, son of Dr. Franklin, is a fine looking mare, an elegant type of horse, good mare, according to our judgment, being 15 hands 3 inches to her height, and strongly made. Her record is 2 33¾ pacing, and 2 36½ trotting, both records made while carrying a foal. Her dam was by Gen. Lightfoot, sire of Lookout 2.28¼, and Shadow 2.28. Her only produce to 1892 was Deni, foaled 1891, by Messenger Wilkes 2 23, which is entered in some of the coming fall events.

Narka 2.46½, is a four-year-old by Messenger Wilkes, out of a mare by Hampton, whose second dam was by the Drew horse 3d.

Narcus is a two-year-old, full brother to Narka, a bay gelding. He is fast, and will start in some of the fall events. His full sister Narka was timed separately in 2.33, and a quarter in 37 seconds.

Cashier is a chestnut colt, 1891, a fast trotter on the kindergarten track, and a well bred individual. He was got by Warrener, dam by Mambrino Gift 2.20, son of Mambrino Pilot and Waterwitch, which was out of a running mare supposed to be a thoroughbred.

Anita is a pretty little filly, brown in color, got by Bayard Wilkes, dam by Governor Morgan 2.23¾, sire of Dr. Smith 2.26¾, entered in New England Breeders' Stakes to be trotted in 1893, and is also matched against one of Mr. Drake's colts by Bayard Wilkes.

There are others we might mention equally worthy of note, but these will suffice to show the quality of the stock. Several mares were bred to Holfe W., the brother in blood of Nelson 2.10, and the mares have foaled in several instances. Also a few by Sir Nutwood were seen, which were nice finish and solid colors.

There are several features in the management of "The Colt Farm" which are peculiarly striking in their novelty. There is the liberal number of entries which are made to stakes well in reach by reason of locality, the working the colts upon a miniature track, and the novel way of advertising in the papers.

G. M. H.

Horse Department.

Coming Events.

Fairfield Park, summer meeting, June 22, 23, A. F. Gerald, Frop'r.
Androscoggin County Horse Breeders, summer meeting, June 29, 30, J. H. Twombly, Sec'y, Auburn.
Augusta Park, summer meeting, July 4, 5. S. Lancaster, Sec'y.
Waldo Horse Breeders' Association, summer meeting, Aug. 24 and 25, at Belfast.
Elmwood Park, Norridgewock, July 4, Aug. 10 and 11, and Oct. 12 and 13, F. A. Carlton, Sec'y.
Belfast Trotting Park, July 4, by Waldo Breeders, special races.
Orono Park, Orono, June 1.
Bluehill Trotting Park, July 4.

It is beginning to be pretty well understood that in these days of progressive breeding a stallion must at a reasonably early age accomplish something on his own hook in order to have much standing with the breeding public, and even full brothers to good ones, are not heavily patronized on that account if they have reached maturity and done nothing for themselves.

Senator Palmer of Illinois ordered the manager of his extensive breeding farm to castrate all inferior colts, and to sell all fillies below the standard at work-horse prices, without certificate of registration or means of identification. This is the kind of weeding process which insures improvement. It might be applied in many places with ultimate profit.

If instincts are inherited, then surely the sire and dam should possess the greatest possible amount of ideas which are wanted, because then the tendency will be for the colt to be a worthy son of a worthy sire and dam. Education tells with horses as with men, and the well educated colt is finally to transmit the results of that education. The trained will, whether in horse or man, has a decided influence over the individual.

A horse remembers only short words, and these are sufficient for all practical purposes. Never say "whoa" to your horse unless you want your horse to stop, and when you do, say it in a firm tone. Teach him that it means to stop, no matter how fast he is going. "Get up" should mean to start, and one or two words may be used when you want him to go faster or slower. If every horse knew the meaning of these few words, and every driver used them only when they are needed, there would be less runaways by frightened horses.

The prices received at nearly all the sales the present season are good indications of the times. Phenominal sums realized are not healthy. Better by far for an industry when the prices get down to a business basis, where the worth of the animal determines the selling price. The craze for standard bred animals is not what it was when all that was necessary to sell at a long price, was a long pedigree. To-day it is the horse we are looking for, and with that the breeding, but first of all there must be the individual if the price is to be satisfactory to the grower. This is far better for all concerned than for prices to rest solely on blood.

The breeding season has fully opened and those intending to grow colts next year will do well to carefully study the advertising columns of the *Farmer* and make personal inspection of the stallions mentioned there. Look for the weak as well as strong points of your brood mares and then by a study of blood lines, and of individuals, select that one which will give the best results. Don't decide what one to use until after a personal inspection. Owners are always glad to show their stock, and a little time spent in this way will surely pay. There are good blooded stallions advertised in these columns and our readers will do well to look them up before breeding elsewhere.

Races will open in Maine earlier this year than ever, and already enough are announced to call for a larger number of horses than seen for a long time. Probably a word of advice is not wanted, but we venture this, that the man who rounds up in the fall with the most money will be he who cuts loose and goes for it every time, regardless of purses. A low record and a good record, such as horses get who are known to trot and win, is worth far more than all the purses put together. Start out to win and get first money in as many races as possible and the first fall of snow will find you in better sledding than those who pay to keep in slow classes and get a reputation for having and driving slow horses.

Electric railways have put a stop to selling horses ranging from $75 to $125 for the street railways, and the country is filling up with horses of that grade, and prices are clear off. A horse which five years ago would readily bring $125 can now be bought for from $80 to $100, and the $150 horse for $125. At the same time horses which are in demand will bring higher prices than five years ago. A fine, good sized quick mover, which then would bring $200 will now bring $250 to $300. A well matched pair of horses that would then bring but $400 will now sell for $600, and, of above the average as lookers, will bring $800 to $1,000. Heavy draught horses with desirable points of substance and real worth are also in good demand. Such horses will sell for more than they would five years ago.

Hardly a day passes but from some source the query comes in relation to rations to be fed. Usually the party wants to know just how much, and prefers that the quantity be given in quarts rather than pounds because it is so much easier to understand and apply. A little intelligence should tell any one that it is absolutely impossible to give a fixed ration for a dozen horses. A close built, compact, hard boned horse does not require so much feed as one with loose bones and loosen joints, even though the two weigh the same. In fact, the quality of the service has very much to do with the quantity. If a horse is to be used entirely on the road, in a light hitch, it should have but a fair quantity of hay and good grain ration made up especially with reference to supplying the muscles. If the work is on a heavy team then more corn can be fed with profit. All rations must simply approximate the ideal, and none can be taken as the exact quantity. There's nothing like common sense, whether in feeding a horse or doing anything else.

Everett L. Smith, of Boston, who, in addition to being a dealer in trotters of the highest type for road use, is also a handy man with a pen, contributes every now and then to a New England turf journal some observations that are full of wisdom from the standpoint of the practical horseman. In a recent letter he referred to having seen an ordinary road horse, that could go perhaps a three-minute gait, rigged out for the purpose of being trained, with a full standard dredd dollar outfit in the way of boots and toe-weights. This moves him to say: "There ought to be a penalty against training a horse after reaching maturity, unless he can step a mile in from 3.40 to 3 35, and should then have what are more needed than 2 35 trotters, namely road horses suitable to give a man pleasure drives, over a long road wagon. Remember, if they can't show four or five heats right near 2.20 it will never pay to take them away to bear the hand. Why."

There is a lot of truth in this statement, and horse owners in all parts of the country who feel inclined to spend money training a trotter that can

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, June 2, 1892.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in York county.

Mr. J. W. Kellogg is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

There were wild times in the corn pit on the Chicago exchange, Tuesday, when the clique trying to corner the market forced prices to $1 a bushel. At noon Coster & Martin failed, and prices fell to 55 cents. The losses will be heavy.

Among the bills passed in the Senate, Tuesday, was the Senate bill appropriating $100,000 towards the construction of a wooden dry dock at Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard, the total limit of cost to be $300,000.

The State gipsy moth commission of Massachusetts has decided not to do any spraying this summer, on account of lack of funds and a widely spread feeling against spraying; and consequently Superintendent Forbush discharged fifty more men last Saturday.

At last justice has been done the women in the Methodist church. Three-fourths of the denomination are women, and yet they have had no voice whatever in the church management. The conference has voted 75 to 49 to admit women to representation, and it is a great victory.

N. J. Batcheider, Secretary of the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture, has issued a circular to keepers of summer resorts in the State, requesting them to report the business done by them during the season of 1892. Here is a suggestion to the worthy Secretary of our Maine Board.

Bridgton Academy is to have a remarkable array of talent at its commencement exercises. Hon. Stewart L. Woodford of New York will deliver the oration, and General Rufus Ingalls will preside. The oration will be delivered on the evening of June 29th.

The solemn yet delightful exercises of Memorial Day, throughout the State, were somewhat interfered with by the rain, but still there was a general observance of the interesting occasion. As the details of these observances were much the same throughout the country, our readers will not expect an account of the same in these columns.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Portland notices that his cattle refuse to eat this season the grass growing lush and green on one of his fields, preferring the less luxuriant growth on other fields. The field in the first instance was manured about one year ago, while those the cattle prefer to browse upon have not been so treated for several years.

According to the list being published in the *New York Tribune*, there are about 600 millionaires in New York city, whose names begin with the first eleven letters of the alphabet; so it is safe to calculate that the complete roll will contain more than double that number. Twelve hundred people whose worldly possessions must be put down with seven figures, is a sufficiently glittering array for a single city.

There has recently been discovered a process by which flour may be made of bananas, and the importance of the discovery can be realized when it is known that the same area of ground that will grow forty pounds of wheat will produce, annually, 4000 pounds of bananas, and that a banana plantation, after once being started, lasts for twenty-five years without breaking up or plowing.

The delegates to the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis, will start from Portland this Thursday morning, in the Wagner sleeping cars Pocasset, Lurlin and Lorna, which will give them excellent accommodations for the trip. They will arrive in Minneapolis next Monday morning. Short stops at places of interest along the way will be made. The convention will begin next Tuesday.

The *Christian Union* lays it down as a fact that a deteriorated quality of young men are going into the ministry nowadays. It doesn't attempt to account for it, but leaves the reasons to be inferred. One reason is that so many men without a particle of ability attempt to fill pulpits. Probably the chief one, however, is that the salaries paid to clergymen are not up to those paid to similar talent in other professions. A clergyman cannot be expected to support his family on faith.

The first pulp mills in Maine were built about 1870, when it was estimated that more than one-half of the State was covered with heavy forests, while more than one-half of the 6,000,000 acres of farm lands was classed as unimproved, being largely covered with small growth. To-day, after all the destruction wrought by the axe, fire, and storms in twenty years, the forest area of the State is estimated to be larger than it was in 1870, and it is computed by well informed persons that Maine has enough wood to make 28,000,000 tons of pulp, or sixty years' supply for all the pulp mills now running in the country.

The agricultural appropriation bill was completed Friday by the House Committee on Agriculture, of Congress. The appropriation bill carries $607,500 more than the bill of last year. A million dollars is appropriated to carry out the provisions of the meat inspection law. A hundred and thirty thousand dollars is allowed for distribution of seeds. For investigations of the subject of the forestry continuation of experiments in rain production $25,000 is appropriated. Secretary Rusk secures $5,000 to continue the work of trying to create a foreign demand for additional agricultural products of the United States. Regular items of appropriation are reduced as follows: For botanical investigations, $15,000; entomological investigations, $10,000; fibre investigations, $5,000.

John D. Rockefeller is a firm believer in the correctness of first impressions. He also places great confidence in the intuitive conceptions of childhood. Probably no man in America receives more begging letters than does the great Standard Oil philanthropist, as the fact that a large proportion of such letters rests with the children of his family circle. It is Mr. Rockefeller's custom to open his morning mail at the breakfast table. The letters from unknown writers are distributed among the children, who peruse them and mark upon each envelope the disposition which should be made of the case. Afterward Mr. Rockefeller himself goes over the correspondence and revises the work; but to one unacquainted with such matters the accuracy of judgment displayed by the little ones in passing on the merits of begging requests can be nothing less than startling.

The general conference of the Methodists, which has just adjourned at Omaha, has declared that the opium-smoking evil has become so threatening that nothing short of absolute prohibition of this drug can save the country from a great curse. There is good reason for this belief. During the past eleven years no less than 1,000,000 pounds of this drug prepared for smoking purposes have been landed at San Francisco. There is no legitimate use for it in this shape, so that the country could well dispense with it. The importation is increasing each year. Last year the government received $750,000 in revenue from the duties imposed upon it. The very worst thing about the opium-smoking habit is that it is harder to shake off than any other habit. It fastens itself upon the very vitals of its victim, and clings with a tenacity almost equal to the power of the death grip. It is harder to break up than either the drink or tobacco habit.

IS IT ALL IMAGINATION. One of the most wonderful things of this life, the dependence of the body upon the mind, or the effect of mind upon matter, was curiously illustrated, recently, in Wellington, Kansas, in the case of young Joseph Hardin. For some alleged offence he was captured by four masked men, whose purpose was to frighten him. They informed him that he was about to be shot to death. Seating him on a box, which he had every reason to suppose was his coffin, and with his back to the riflemen, they blindfolded him and told him to prepare to meet his fate. His condition can perhaps be imagined, but it cannot be described. He had no reason to believe that he was the victim of a practical joke, and really felt that his last moment had come. At a given signal a shot was fired by one of the party, but fired in the air, of course. At the same instant another man gave him a tap on the back of the head. The poor fellow fell forward at the impact, and the jokers concluded that he had fainted. They tried to resuscitate him by the usual applications, but their efforts were of no avail. He was stone dead, the cause being heart failure. It wasn't a bullet that killed him, but the idea of a bullet. He died from the effects of an impression.

Many of us are doubtless familiar with the case of a prisoner who was under sentence of death, and having the choice of the method of execution, chose to be bled to death. He was admitted to a darkened cell, his bare arm pricked slightly by a pin, and warm water suffered to drip from his arm, being turned thereon. He thought he was bleeding to death, and the poor fellow died, though not a drop of blood had come from his person. These marked illustrations of the power of the imagination account in part for the so-called "faith cures" and other phenomena, which is so hard to understand, and the cause of which would require an infinite mind to explain. We all of us have felt the uplifting power of a buoyant mind, and the depressing effects of a desponding, moody nature, that is always looking on the dark side of things. There is as much difference between the two as there is between sunlight and darkness.

Directly in the same line of thought, as bearing upon the power of the imagination, we have the recent exhibition, of the "holy relic of St. Ann," at the church of St. Jean Baptiste, in New York city. Now the Old Testament is full of reference to relics. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, speaks of the Holy of Holies as the depository of the ark of the covenant, of the golden pot that had manna, and of Aaron's rod that budded. In Saul's time, David, in great straits, said to Ammelech, "I have neither brought my sword nor my weapons with me," and the priest replied, "The sword of Goliath, the Philistine, behold it is here wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod." We are also told that when a dead man was cast into the sepulchre of Elisha, the moment he touched the bones of the prophet "he revived and stood up on his feet."

It is claimed that this relic of St. Ann was a portion of the arm of the mother of the Virgin Mary, and by touching even the golden-lined box of bronze enclosing it, health would go out to the diseased, the dumb would speak, the blind see, and the lame walk. Thousands upon thousands, during the stay of the relic, crowded the church to look upon or touch the sacred enclosure. And when at last it was announced the other morning that the relic was to be removed, a crowd of several hundred men and women were waiting at the church door to enter and kiss the box. For seven hours a line of people passed into the church at one door and out at another, and at noon they were still coming in such numbers that Father Frederick Tétreau decided to extend the time of removing the relic to four o'clock. At that time the church was full of people. "The time has now come," said Father Tétreau, "when we must part with this holy relic of St. Ann, the mother of the Blessed Virgin,' and he took the relic and held it high up so all could see it. Then the priest blessed the congregation. Women wept and cried out: "Good-by, St. Ann!" "Come again, St. Ann!" "Don't forget us, St. Ann!" Father Tétreau began to descend the altar. A tremor passed through the assembly and men and women began struggling with each other to reach the relic. Some clung to the altar rails, weeping or uttering short ecstatic cries. Others caught hold of Father Tétreau's cassock and begged him to let them kiss or touch the precious box. As many as could touch the box while the priest pushed his way through the throng. Cries, sobs and groans were heard as Father Tétreau left the church by a side door. The crowd in the street saw him and tried to detain him for a blessing. The priest, holding the relic tightly to his breast, ran up Seventy-sixth street and around the corner to the pastoral residence on Lexington avenue. The relic was taken to Quebec.

This incident shows again the power of the reverant imagination. The belief in the power of the relic seemed to the confiding people to impart, by some supernatural power, health and strength to the poor languid and diseased body. But when you take the next step, and ask whether these cures are the result of a supernatural agency resting in the relic, or the consequence of faith in the person who venerates it, you reach a territory where a large variety of opinion exists. One man will assert that the relic itself works the miracle of cure, thus giving full reins to the superstitious element, and another is equally sure that it is the faith in the heart which produces the result. Others still will not admit that there have been any cures. Without discussing these points, we leave the matter to the candid consideration and judgment of our readers.

STATE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT. The Maine State College twenty-first annual commencement will take place June 25—July 1. Saturday, 7.30 P. M., the Sophomore prize declamation; Sunday, 7.30 P. M., Baccalaureate address by the president; Monday, 7.30 P. M., junior exhibition; Tuesday, 9 A. M., meeting of the trustees; Tuesday, 1 to 4 P. M., college hall will be open to visitors.

Tuesday, 1.30 P. M., military exercises; Tuesday, 4 to 6 P. M., president's reception; Tuesday, 8 P. M., alumni reunion.

Wednesday, 9.30 A. M. commencement exercises.

Wednesday, 3 P. M., meeting of the alumni. Wednesday, 8 P. M., concert.

Thursday, 2 P. M., class day exercises.

Friday, 8.30 A. M., examination of candidates for admission to the college.

FARMERS' FIELD DAY AT MAINE STATE COLLEGE. As we announced last week, arrangements have been made for a farmers' field day at the Maine State College on June 15th. All interested in the work of the institution are cordially invited to attend. The Maine Central and Bangor & Piscataquis Railroads will sell round trip tickets to Orono from all points in Maine for one fare. Tickets on both roads will be good on the 14th, 15th and 16th. Carriages from and to the depot, and dinner, will be furnished by the college. All organizations making arrangements to attend the meeting, should notify Prof. Walter Balentine as early as possible.

The People's party held their county convention in this city, yesterday, and it was quite largely attended. G. W. Gallert of Gardiner was chosen President; E. W. Boynton, Augusta, Secretary. The following nominations were made for county officers: Senators—Joseph Sypher of Gardiner, E. W. Boynton of Augusta, J. H. Torsey of Winthrop. Sheriff—B. F. Haskell, Waterville. County Commissioner—T. H. Snow of Pittston. County Treasurer—Charles A. Longman of Waterville. Judge of Probate—Wm. G. Williams of Litchfield. Register of Probate—L. C. Stevens of Waterville.

The Alumni of the Maine State College living in the western part of the State, had a banquet at Portland, Thursday evening. It was an entirely informal affair, the company numbering about twenty. After dinner Mr. S. W. Bates, President of the association, called the meeting to order. Remarks were made by Hon. W. T. Haines, Waterville, R. W. Eaton, Brunswick, E. J. Haskell, Westbrook, C. L. Bickford, Brunswick, E. E. Campbell, Brunswick, and S. W. Gould of Skowhegan.

Frederick Welch, who was charged with stealing clothing and other articles from ex-Gov. Roble of Gorham, has been sentenced to one year in jail.

It is estimated that the net receipts of the Eye and Ear Infirmary fair held last week in Portland will amount to $4000.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES IN AUGUSTA. Exercises preliminary to the solemn and expressive services of Memorial Day, were held in the Congregationalist church, Sunday evening, every seat in the large edifice being filled. Fine music was furnished by the Universalist choir, under the experienced leadership of Mr. C. B. Johnson. Several city clergymen participated in the preliminary exercises. The sermon was by Rev. J. F. Leland, pastor of the Universalist church, who took for his text, Isaiah 2:4, "He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they teach war any more." He discussed in a brief but pointed manner the necessity of war in certain emergencies, the blessings it had conferred, and also the advantages of peace which is the ultimate end to be reached by civilized and christian people.

In common with other places in the State, it was under weeping skies that the Memorial services were held in the city on Monday. The fullest preparations had been made for the event, and had it not been for the rain, there would have been the most elaborate celebration of the event ever held here. In the forenoon the graves in the outlying districts were decorated. In the afternoon a procession was formed, consisting of Seth Williams Post, the Sons of Veterans, the military, firemen, citizens, etc., and marched to Forest Grove, Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Vernon and the Catholic cemeteries, where the decoration took place. From thence Monument Square was visited, and the usual exercises held at the soldiers' monument. Notwithstanding the rain, there was a goodly number in attendance at all these exercises.

In the evening, the people packed every inch of space in Meonian Hall, the exercises proceeding according to the following programme:

Albert W. Brooks, President.
March, Higgins' Military Band
American Patrol, (Descriptive) Higgins' Military Band
Invocation, Rev. Walker Gwynn
Reading of General Orders, Adjutant McIlvaine
March, Higgins' Military Band
Oration, Hon. Herbert M. Heath
Serenade, "Departed Comrades." Higgins' Military Band
"America," Audience and Band
Benediction, Rev. L. J. Meade.

We shall not attempt even an abstract of Mr. Heath's able, eloquent and patriotic oration. It was an effort creditable to the man and befitting the occasion. He dwelt upon the causes and lessons of the war, the rapid flight of time since its close, and the marvelous progress of the nation in these years; the opposing ideas that met upon the battle field, and that were fought out there; argued in favor of the most liberal system of pensions to soldiers; and closed with an appeal to the patriotism of the people.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS. The Maine organization of the Christian Endeavor Society has made complete arrangements for the convenience of the four hundred or more Endeavorers from this State who will probably attend the great international convention to be held at New York, July 7th, to 10th, in the famous Madison Square Garden, a monster structure of glass and iron, with a seating capacity of 14,000. The convention will undoubtedly be the largest Christian Endeavor gathering ever held, and the programme promises to be one of the richest and most inspiring that it is possible to arrange. The meetings will be addressed by some of the most prominent and talented representatives of the various denominations. A special train will leave Portland, Wednesday, July 6th, about 1 P. M. from the Portland & Rochester station, arriving at Providence, R. I. about 7.35 P. M., and connecting with one of the Providence and Stonington S. S. Co.'s magnificent steamers, which will run during the night between eight and nine o'clock Thursday morning. This excursion is for the Christian Endeavorers of Maine, and their friends, and the committee hope to make it the largest excursion that has ever gone from this State to a national convention. The low rate of $7 for the round trip from Portland to New York and return, has been secured. State-room tickets are $2.40 extra. The Normandie has been selected as the headquarters of the Maine delegation in New York. Mr. T. F. Tolman of Portland is the chairman of the committee in charge of the excursion.

Some of the answers given by the pupils of an Indian public school in an examination in physiology are very absurd. One boy, for instance, wrote, "It will not do to munkey with the tung juice." And such spelling as "bellu" for "intestines," "kile" for "chyle," "agean" for "aqueous," "jasper juice" for "gastric juice," and "esofagut" for œsophagus," were common. A delightful though unconscious comment on the public display of such gross ignorance was made by one boy, who solemnly remarked in his paper, "that you cant no to much." It is pretty evident that these boys won't "no to much" about physiology for years unless the instruction given them is more intelligent than it now appears to be.

In the Lewiston mandamus case against Mayor Newell and four members of the Board of Aldermen, which went before the law court in this city on exceptions of the defendants, Newell et als., the full court rendered its decision, Saturday, overruling the aldermanic exceptions, and ordering a peremptory writ of mandamus to be issued, which will require the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen to go into a joint convention with the common council, and elect Harry Bonney. Mayor Newell of Lewiston says that on the receipt of the official order, it will be promptly obeyed.

A leading butter dealer in Chicago says work is needed among creameries. "They are the men that need education. People have no idea of the amount of money that is lost every year on account of butter not being up to fine quality. Only about one-fifth of the butter now made in creameries is butter made sells for fine goods; the balance sells from two to five cents below what it would bring if of better quality. Of course this is a dead loss to thecountry, the creamery, and especially the farmers who produce the milk."

Saturday night last, at Lisbon Falls, Deputy Sheriff Huskins arrested Chas. W. Jordan for being drunk and noisy, and confined him in the attic of the Leavitt House. About 4 o'clock Sunday morning Mrs. L. heard a scratching on the roof of the ell of the house, and looking out saw Jordan slipping the noose of a rope around the two stories, striking with his feet on the ground, apparently dazing him for a minute or two, when he got up and went home as fast as his legs could carry him.

It is a fact patent to all who have long been engaged in Sunday School work, that when the Chinaman goes to Sunday School, he is given a pretty girl teacher, whose bright eyes would convert the hardest heart. When a Sunday School, while man goes to Sunday School, he is put in a Bible class, with a grizzly Methuselah for an instructor. The "Chinee" is usually the more regular attendant.

In the type-setting contest at Portland, Saturday night, for the championship of the State and a purse, Geo. W. St John of the *Portland Press*, won; Frank Weston of the *Kennebec Journal*, being second. In 30 minutes the former set 720 ems, and the latter 640 ems. The Bangor champion, Kennedy, was defeated.

Two boys, Lester Hubbard and James Allie, in the Saco court Tuesday were bound over to the Supreme court on a charge of breaking and entering Madame Capianni's cottage at Ferry Beach and stealing articles. The boys were unable to get bail.

B. A. Triggs, of Hermon, has leased the farm of Mrs. Rufena Warren in that town for a term of five years and will manage it. The farm is one of the best there, cutting 75 tons of hay and is in an excellent state of cultivation.

The Executive Council, at its last session, refused to confirm the nomination of F. A. Tarbox of Biddeford as State detective, and granted a conditional pardon to Frederick W. Kennison, now in jail for breaking and entering while drunk.

Col. F. E. Boothby of the Maine Central Railroad, has been appointed on the World's Fair Committee on natural scenery and summer resorts, in the interest of the State of New Hampshire.

The English composition prizes in Bowdoin College have been awarded as follows: First, to Emery and Fobes; second, to Linscott and Wood.

A notable event of the week has been the election of Gen. O. O. Howard to the presidency of the American Mission Society.

Rev. Dr. Burrage of Portland has been elected Recording Secretary of the American Baptist Union.

Every thrifty farmer will keep his land well dressed, but he has no reason to be ashamed of a strawberry patch.

The natural history fact was observed by Josh Billings that ducks can sail on water "as easy as a grease spot."

THE SUN ROSE ON A MASS OF RUINS. On Thursday last, Wellington, Kansas, was one of the most thriving and beautiful towns in that State. On Friday night it was laid waste by a cyclone. The storm belt was six miles wide, with severe hail along the outside. It is certain that 20 lives were lost, and the fatally injured are adding hourly to the list of dead. The cloud that preceded the cyclone was funnel shaped, and the calamity was preceded by a heavy wind. A few minutes after nine o'clock, with an awful roar, it struck the city, coming from the southwest. Everybody was indoors. The cyclone was not over two minutes in accomplishing its terrible work. The resident portion of the city in the line of the storm, about 2½ blocks wide, is laid low. In its path were located many of the best residences in the city, as well as hundreds of comfortable, though unpretentious homes. All are laid in ruins except the one, and their late occupants form a wandering army of homeless, clotheless citizens. Every home left standing is a hospital for the reception of the injured.

There are many incidents of the storm that are remarkable. The ball in progress at the Phillips House had just begun. The music had scarcely struck up when the storm came. Ladies in evening dress fled terror stricken into the streets where the rain of water and bricks was falling. Strange to say, not one of those who thus ran out of the house was killed outright, although nearly all were injured to some extent.

Where the ball room stood is a dense pile of brick and lumber, 12 feet high. Two hundred men worked at the ruins all day rescuing one man, Henry Smithers, who was found in a box, where he had taken refuge. There were two feet of brick above him, but he had air and was hardly hurt at all, although he was frightened into a state bordering on imbecility.

Another strange freak of the cyclone was its method of handling the infant child of Henry Bower. The Bower home was unroofed, and the baby taken from its cradle, carried four blocks, and laid on the grass in the Mayor's yard, where it was found, crying in the heavy rain storm early Saturday morning, unhurt. It did not even have a cold, and did not seem at all hurt from its all-night experience on the wet ground, with a chill wind blowing a regular tornado until daybreak.

Twenty freight cars were standing in the Rock Island yards. Ten of them were taken in one direction and ten in another, the two bunches being found a mile apart, some smashed to smithereens. It was in one of these cars that Henry James, the boy tramp, was found.

Another freak of the storm was the manner in which a plate glass was taken from the elegant Spicknall block and carried several yards, set up against a frame house, and, aside from losing a few chips around the edge, was not broken.

Trees were torn from their roots and houses were turned upside down. Stoves were lifted until they finally landed in the upper floors of the ruins. In one instance a horse was taken from his stable and dumped on a two-story building. The Lutheran Church, a massive frame building, one of the most substantial in the city, was taken up, turned completely over, and now stands with the floor upward, as solid, apparently, as if it had been built in that way. The church had a seating capacity of 700 people.

The old court house, a solid two-story stone structure, was reduced to gravel and splinters with the exception of one little frame office left standing intact by the side of the ruins of the house.

At Harper, Kansas, the ruin is fearful. Hundreds of families are destitute and without food or shelter. The Catholic and German churches were demolished, and the Baptist and Christian churches were greatly injured. The Masonic block, the Queen City and the Opera House block are almost worthless. In the Odd Fellows' cemetery, one mile northeast, over one-third of the monuments are prostrate. The grand stand, box-stalls and buildings on the fair ground one mile south are leveled to the ground.

SOUTH FRANKLIN NOTES. *Editor Maine Farmer:* Information received by observation and from authentic sources, show that a considerable area of ground was yet unplanted in the southern tier of towns in Franklin county when June was ushered in. The long continued period of cool, dry weather was very favorable for the working of the soil in many sections, and a large amount of grain was sown early, and notwithstanding it required a longer time than usual for the seed to germinate and spring forth, yet, when the tender blade did appear, it was of good color and soon increased into a most healthy and vigorous growth. On plats favorable, potatoes likewise were early planted, although less attention is to be given to this crop than it has received in several recent years. Farmers, however, hesitated about entrusting the sensitive corn to the cold and uninviting soil, and, therefore, allowed the seed to yet remain in the granary, patiently waiting for the moisture and warmth so essential in the planting of this cereal. Both have come, but the rains are superabundant, causing a yet further delay. Many have arranged to plant sweet corn for the factory, but unless very favorable conditions attend it there is considerable risk in planting later than the first days of June.

Farmers as a class are looking on the brighter side of their business. Improvements are noticeable in nearly every branch, a careful study is being made as to the best method to be adopted in order to more successfully meet the demands of a progressive age, and the outlook from the various standpoints in our vocation seems most encouraging.

In passing the farms in my own vicinity, one cannot fail to notice the change that has taken place in the teams that are being used in performing the ordinary labor of the day. Where a horse team was once called the exception, now it is the rule, caused doubtless by the introduction of the mowing machine requiring horses to operate it, and not feeling able to keep both horses and oxen, have gradually discarded the slow and patient ox, and nearly every farmer sees the need of his span and accompanying rig, while the outbuilding is the receptacle for carts, sleds and yokes that will someday provoke the wonder and curiosity of the youngster whose questions concerning their use will carry the older mind back to the days when muscle was in more active demand than at present. But it must be confessed that to our present method of labor, the slow, steady working of a well-trained ox team, is not wholly devoid of interest. Some of the largest owners of neat stock in this town keep a nice team of oxen, one having five pairs, several three pairs, and a few being enabled to have both oxen and horses.

As indicated in a former communication, the dairy interest is receiving unusual attention, and farmers are encouraged to enlarge their operations, planning to raise more feed, have more and better cows, and get out of the doubtful ways that have long hampered them. C. E. W.

Chesterville, June 1st.

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMER KENNEBEC. Tuesday morning, at half-past four o'clock, during a dense fog, when one could scarcely see his hand before him, the steamer Kennebec bound for Bath from Boston, struck on the rocks at Seguin. She struck on the starboard side and fell off, but not into deep water under the broken bow to the wheel. They got her off the rocks and grounded her on Parkers flats.

President Drake of the company was on board, and landed immediately, proceeding to Bath, and in short time returned with the tug Clara Clarita, in which the passengers were taken to Bath, where they were transferred to the tug Adelia which carried the up-river passengers to their destination. The steamer was towed off Tuesday afternoon and brought to Bath where she will be taken onto the marine railway for repairs. No blame is attached to the officials, as the fog was so intense as to render it very difficult to navigate the boat. It is to their credit that nothing more serious resulted from the accident.

The Fitchburg Railroad has arranged to have the grounds at all passenger stations between Boston and Fitchburg laid out with shrubbery and flowers; the work will be commenced at once. This is a move in the right direction which the residents along the line will appreciate. Neat stations, surrounded by attractive grounds, is an excellent way to advertise a railroad line.

Report says that 150 young women have taken up timber claims in the State of Washington during the last six months.

VARIOUS IMPORTANT QUESTIONS DISCUSSED. Sixty or seventy years ago the United States had almost no magazines, and Great Britain but few. The *Edinburgh Review* was published quarterly, and was thoroughly Whig, and the *London Quarterly* was Tory. The Whigs read one of them, and the Tories the other, and each party was confirmed in its own views by its reading. All this has been changed. Both countries are now flooded with magazines, and many of them very good ones. There has arisen a new style of publications in lieu of the old party quarterlies. We have now the *Forum*, the *Fortnightly*, and several others, including the *North American Review*, in which able discussions are allowed on all sides of every question, and the public may read, ponder, weigh and judge for themselves. It is a gigantic advance in the direction of free discussion.

I have before me the May number of the *Forum*, filled with attractive matter. Of course no one is expected to acquiesce in all he finds in such a publication. But there is much that is worthy of attention. In a short article not even all the essays in it can be noticed, but only the more striking ones.

The first article is by Mr. Harter, a Democratic Representative from Ohio, showing the dangers of free coinage of silver. In a brief and pithy argument he portrays the disastrous effect of the accumulation of silver bullion or coinage, and the certainty of its soon, if not stopped, resulting in financial panic and distress, and that the bullion now heaped up in the Treasury vaults should be sold for gold, until the gold on hand should be equal to the silver.

Senator Vilas, who was one of Cleveland's Cabinet, follows with an elaborate and convincing argument on the same side. European bond-holders have already taken the alarm, and are sending home United State securities to obtain gold for them, while they may. Senator Vilas closes as follows: "The field of finance has from the earliest times been furrowed and torn by the delusions of mankind, strangely susceptible of fantastic whims under the spur of want or the lure of riches, and old, oft-exploded fancies have come again and again as new, their guise little varied, to surge in impotent fury against the solid laws that cannot be altogether cheated. The time will come when it will be a curious study to understand how it was possible for a combination of silver mine-owners, whose self-interest was so obvious and so opposed to popular interests, skilfully to foment the wide acceptance by an intelligent people of a delusion so harmful, so defiant of established laws and long experience, so hopeless of success against the antagonism of the commercial world, as the project of silver free coinage under the conditions proposed."

There is a long article on "Ten Years of the Standard Oil Trust," by S. C. T. Dodd their solicitor. I have not read it through, but it may be admitted that this gigantic monopoly has not only feathered its own nest, and heaped up riches, but has furnished the public with a good article for consumption at a low and uniform price. It has laid thousands of miles of underground pipes for transporting the oil cheaply and easily long distances, and has accomplished much that individual enterprise could not have done. At the same time it has laid its hands on small manufacturers and crushed them, probably not always by fair and honest means. Such immense combinations are contrary to the genius of the institutions of a free country.

Dr. Dwight discusses the "True Purpose of the Higher Education." This he claims to be the development of the thinking powers; that education should not be too much limited to specialities, but the culture should be broad and varied, a truth that should not be lost sight of, even a specialist being vastly better for wide knowledge; that the sons and daughters should be educated alike, because education is for the growth of the individual mind, and if the woman's life is to be the home life, that, as truly as the world's life, is the sphere for serious thought and broad culture; and that the coming century, like the past, is to be an era of development. We have passed the pioneer age, our quiet villages have enlarged into metropolitan activity and life. In the rush and pressure of material interests it is not neglect to train our children in the wide culture and knowledge of all enobling things, then "the future for them will be full of richest and sweetest light."

The argument by E. L. Godkin to prove that idleness produces immorality may be passed over as unnecessary. But that by Carroll D. Wright, showing that factory life does not increase immorality, is very gratifying. He is a master of statistics, and he proves by abundant figures and facts that the percentage of immorality amongst factory operatives in this and other countries is less than the percentage in the whole population. On the contrary, he argues that factory life tends to elevate the intellectual and moral condition of operatives.

Bishop Potter makes the best defence that can be made of the costly American cathedral. In closing he says, "It is vast, it is rich, it is stately and majestic in proportion and in appointments. It is for the honor of God and not for the glory of men, and *it is free for all alike.*" He might have added it is artistic, ornate, and (when not tawdry,) elegant and showy. But how would it do to make it less expensive, and devote half the cost to building plain and comfortable houses of worship for new places that have none? But cathedrals are very unsuitable and inconvenient for preaching purposes.

Edward Atkinson proves very easily that this country has abundant room for immigrants. That hardly requires an argument. But is it not possible to have them come here in such numbers, ignorant of our institutions and customs, that they may seriously interfere with the welfare and progress of the native population?

E. P. North has a powerful plea for "Ocean Traffic by the Erie Canal." He says, "The aggregate tonnage entering and clearing from the ports of London and Liverpool during an entire year, does not equal that passing Detroit in seven months," whilst the navigation of the Great Lakes is open, "and this is a growing commerce." The statement seems incredible, but if true it shows the need of a water way from the lakes to the Atlantic. Mr. Sweet, the New York State engineer, has shown that it is perfectly feasible to build a canal from Buffalo to the Hudson of any desirable depth and width. The Government has already expended $30,000,000 to improve the great lakes, their harbors and the rivers that run into them. Why should it not construct the needed water way, by enlarging the Erie canal? The picayune partisans in Congress would oppose it. The great railway interest would fight against it. The cost of transportation of produce from the great West would be reduced more than one-half. It should be done; and also the canal from the lakes to the Mississippi river.

Miss Lucy M. Salmon has a remarkable article on the "Woman's Exchange." This is an institution for the sale of the manufactures made by needy women. There are fifteen reported located in the large cities, Boston, New York, St. Louis, San Francisco, &c. The amounts paid by these institutions to their consignors last year varied from $9000 to $51,000. Some of them are self-supporting, others are partly dependent on contributions of aid. The writer states that there are 75 exchanges, including those in smaller places. It is a great and beneficent institution, and shows what women can do in these days of enterprise and benevolence.

There are several other essays in this number of the *Forum*, which I have passed over. H. K. B.

Henry T. Oxnard of Nebraska, who represents four out of the six beet sugar factories in the United States, and inaugurated the beet sugar industry in this country, is thus quoted: "Inside of ten years the factories of this country will be producing from beets all the sugar used for home consumption. It is no longer a matter of experiment, but business. There are four factories in the West—two in Nebraska, one in Utah, and another in California—which are producing beet sugar. Each of these factories cost about $500,000 to build. A large proportion of the States can profitably grow the beets."

The Western Plowman maintains, the vernal poets to the contrary notwithstanding, that the most acceptable lays of spring are furnished by the hens.

Grange News and Notes.

—IN MEMORIAM. The committee appointed at a special meeting of Jefferson Grange, to prepare resolutions of sympathy to the husband and family of our beloved sister and past Ceres, F. Bell Benner, submit the following:

Whereas, It has pleased the Divine Master, in his infinite wisdom, to call from a life of usefulness our beloved sister, Mrs. F. Bell Benner, Past Ceres of our Grange and wife of our Worthy Treasurer; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Benner, we have lost a kind friend and loving sister; that we realize the loss of our sister more than words or language can picture, and the vacant chair at our Grange meetings will bring to our hearts the memory of her beautiful life, which will shed a refining halo on our remaining days.

Resolved, That while we mourn her loss, we are thankful that it has been our privilege to know her, and we feel that her cheerful patience under affliction, her charity to all, and her faith in God, have given us a shining example that will benefit all our lives.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a pathway to the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her bereaved husband and family, and a page, properly inscribed, be set apart to her memory in the minutes of our proceedings.

NANCY ADELAIDE PEASLEE,
MARCIA A. BURNHAM,
EDWIN W. PEASLEE, } *Committee.*

—The regular meeting of Excelsior Pomona Grange, No. 4, P. of H., is to be held with Aurora Grange at Strong, Thursday, June 9th. The members are requested to be present so the meeting may be called to order promptly at 10 o'clock, A. M., that the business may all be transacted in the forenoon, as there will be a public meeting at 1.30 P. M., addressed by Professor Winslow, Worthy Lecturer of the State Grange, at which we hope to see many of the farming community who are not yet patrons, as it will be a good opportunity for learning something of the advantages of the order.

LEC.

—Riverside Grange, P. of H. of East Raymond, have voted to entertain the Cumberland County Pomona Grange there the third Wednesday in July.

—Seven Star Grange, Troy, is still receiving applications for membership, and conferring degrees at every meeting. At our last meeting a nicely bound volume of "Dumb Animals," from Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, &c., was presented by Mrs. Sarah A. Rogers, and a vote of thanks returned for same. Question proposed for discussion at the next meeting: "What action, if any, shall the Grange take in regard to the prevention of cruelty to animals?" Waldo County Pomona will hold their next meeting with Seven Star Grange, June 7th.

The past few days have been rainy and dull, but it has been a good, growing time, and the grass is looking well. The apple trees are budded well, and the ground everywhere is white with strawberry blossoms. We now have every prospect of a fruitful year. ARBUTUS.

Troy.

Maine Agricultural News.

—You may put this down, "for sure"—the farmers in Aroostook county are not going to plant this year so large an area of Dakota fields as they did last year.

—Eleazer S. True of West's Mills reports a good income from his two cows the past year. One of these was new milch, the other farrow. The calf was kept until four weeks old and then sold for veal. From the milk of these cows have been made 583 lbs. of butter and 100 lbs. of cheese, besides what milk and cream was used in the family.

—There is some talk of a creamery in South Norridgewock.

—The recent cold rains were disastrous to the sheep, many dying in the pastures in some sections of the state.

—The farmers in Aroostook are progressing well with their spring's work, a large part of the planting and sowing being done.

—The farmers in Aroostook county are not in the least discouraged in regard to potatoes, although the price was low last season. A large acreage by the large fields being planted this spring.

—I stopped the borers in my apple trees by putting on a thick coat of wash, made of lime, soap and sulphur, every spring. They killed some of my trees, but since I used this wash I have had no trouble with them. D. S. SEAVEY.

Tenant's Harbor.

Profanity was punished by a fine a century ago, in Eastport and vicinity. The penalty fixed by law for such an offence is much greater now, but the striking difference is in the fact that then the law was enforced, while at the present time it is a dead letter. A recent number of the Bangor Historical Magazine gives an account of the trials, copied from the records of Jonathan Longfellow, the first Justice of the Peace in the State east of the Penobscot river, among which are the following:

"Lincoln County, June 5, 1773; David Welsh was convicted of swearing one profane oath and was fined 8 shillings therefor."

"Lincoln County, Machias, June 28, 1774. Then Gideon O'Brien was convicted before me, Jonathan Longfellow Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices, by his own confession of swearing one profane oath and was fined for the first oath, four shillings, and for the second, one shilling; which he paid."

"Lincoln, s. Machias, June 28, 1774. Then Joseph Averell was convicted before me by his own confession of swearing one profane oath, and paid a fine of four shillings for the same."

4-PAW IN BOSTON. The circus season in Boston is annually looked upon as the most interesting and biggest amusement event of the year, and attracts not only the enthusiastic citizens of the Hub in great numbers, but daily draws thousands of strangers within the portals of New England's metropolis.

The Adam Forepaugh Show will open its season of six days in Boston, on June 6, and as

Items of Maine News.

L. J. Perkins & Son, confectioners, Portland, are settling in insolvency.

Biddeford began, Monday, running its street cars by electricity.

The reunion of the graduates of Farmington Normal School occurs this year.

R. L. & F. F. Wight of Bridgton have sold one-half interest in their patent can labels to Boston parties for $15,000.

Alfred G. Ellis, senior member of the grocery firm of Ellis & Gilman, died at his home in Belfast, Thursday, of pneumonia.

Joshua Michael, an old resident of Bath, was found dead in a mill yard at the north end Thursday morning. Heart trouble was the cause. His age was 76 years.

John G. Tebbets of Lisbon, a well known wealthy business man, died at his home in that town, Thursday forenoon, of dropsical and heart troubles, after a long and painful illness.

The new coat shop at South Norridgewock, will start up this week, all the machinery has arrived and a large amount of goods to be made into clothing, is at the station ready for work.

It is expected that the condensed milk factory in Newport will commence operations about the 15th of June. A large number of the young people will find employment there.

The following patents have been granted to Maine people: David C. Shepherd and L. C. Ballard Gardiner, apparatus for loading vessels; Willard S. Wellman, Belfast, anti-friction bearing; Charles P. T. Lawrence, Mechanic Falls, lasting machine.

The Belfast Savings Bank declares its 48th semi-annual dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. payable Monday June 6, amounting to about $16,225. The total amount of the dividends paid by the Bank since its organization 24 years ago is $718,829.

John F. Woods, a prominent insurance agent and citizen of Farmington, for many years, was stricken with paralysis while on the street Thursday morning and died at noon, aged 62. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

The bids on the work of erecting a jail on the court house lot, Rockland, have been closed. The county commissioners awarded the entire job to the Pauly Jail Works of St. Louis, Mo., for $15,000, as the most favorable bid.

Jotham P. Hutchinson, a well known lawyer and business man of Lakeport, N. H., who died recently, was born in Gorham, Me., in 1824. He attended the East Machias Academy, and was graduated from Waterville College.

Bonds of the city of Bangor, for $50,000, dated May 2, 1892, due Nov. 2, 1911, in sums of $1000 each with semi-annual coupons for interest at 4 per cent. per annum, were awarded Friday, to Blake Bros. & Co., Boston, who bid $102.79 and interest.

Nathan Stinson of North Haven, a mail carrier on the islands, committed suicide Wednesday night. The supposed cause was temporary aberration of mind. He leaves a widow and a son in the asylum at Augusta.

Rosenbaum Bros.' store on Main street, Biddeford, was burglarized Wednesday night, and furnishing goods and jewelry taken. The thieves entered through a rear window. Fred Leclair and a fellow named Gagnon were arrested on suspicion, Thursday, and are held for trial.

Rev. John Cobb, one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Maine conference, and former pastor of the School street M. E. church in Gorham, was taken suddenly ill Thursday evening and died Friday. Mr. Cobb leaves a widow and several children.

Deputy Sheriffs Odlin and O'Brien seized at the Maine Central station in Lewiston, on Wednesday, a solid car load of liquors valued at $2,000 marked "W. Smith." The liquors filled seven big drays, and the procession made a sensation as it moved up Main [illegible].

Dr. Edward Paul Roche of Bath died Wednesday evening, aged 35 years. He was a graduate of the Maine Medical College. He was born in Boston, and was assistant surgeon in the 35th Massachusetts regiment. He has practiced in Bath 30 years and was inventor of the Roche chafing iron for carriages.

At a special meeting of the directors of Fort Fairfield National Bank the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: M. N. Drew, President; J. F. Hacker, Vice President; Mr. Wheeler, Cashier. Of the out-of-town directors Hon. L. Powers of Houlton, and C. F. Daggett, Esq., of Presque Isle, were present.

The remains of Rev. Roland B. Howard at his death were placed in a tomb in Rome. They are now to be brought home by his brother, Gen. O. O. Howard, and will be received at New York by Mrs. Howard, and brought to Leeds—his native town—for burial. It is expected the service will be held June 7th.

Levi Turner, Jr., Esq., of Portland, has accepted an invitation to deliver the alumni oration at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, where he was prepared for college. He will also deliver an address before the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity of Bowdoin College some time during commencement week.

Mr. Stephen Longfellow Stephenson, C. E., died Saturday, May 21, at Gorham. Mr. Stephenson was born in Gorham 71 years ago in the house in which he died, and had always lived when at home. Mr. Stephenson was educated at Gorham academy and fitted himself as a civil engineer by experience and study by himself.

A stone cutter, named David Quigly, employed by Booth Bros., and the Hurricane Granite co., was found dead in his bed one day ago, at his house, Rockland, Sunday morning. In one pocket was found a half filled bottle of morphine, an overdose of which is supposed to have been the cause. Quigly was a native of Winterport, whither the remains were taken.

Mr. George W. Sprague of Kingman was traveling through the woods one day last week, when he discovered an old bear climbing up a tree, and driving her three cubs before her. Fortunately he had a repeating rifle with him, and in less time than it takes to tell it, there were four dead bears lying at the foot of the tree. This is a bear story we think quite hard to beat.

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Biddeford, was burglarized Wednesday night, and furnishing goods and jewelry taken. The thieves entered through a rear window. Fred Leclair and a fellow named Gagnon were arrested on suspicion, Thursday, and are held for trial.

Rev. John Cobb, one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Maine conference, and former pastor of the School street M. E. church in Gorham, was taken suddenly ill Thursday evening and died Friday. Mr. Cobb leaves a widow and several children.

Deputy Sheriffs Odlin and O'Brien seized at the Maine Central station in Lewiston, on Wednesday, a solid car load of liquors valued at $2,000 marked "W. Smith." The liquors filled seven big drays, and the procession made a sensation as it moved up Main [illegible].

Dr. Edward Paul Roche of Bath died Wednesday evening, aged 35 years. He was a graduate of the Maine Medical College. He was born in Boston, and was assistant surgeon in the 35th Massachusetts regiment. He has practiced in Bath 30 years and was inventor of the Roche chafing iron for carriages.

At a special meeting of the directors of Fort Fairfield National Bank the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: M. N. Drew, President; J. F. Hacker, Vice President; Mr. Wheeler, Cashier. Of the out-of-town directors Hon. L. Powers of Houlton, and C. F. Daggett, Esq., of Presque Isle, were present.

The remains of Rev. Roland B. Howard at his death were placed in a tomb in Rome. They are now to be brought home by his brother, Gen. O. O. Howard, and will be received at New York by Mrs. Howard, and brought to Leeds—his native town—for burial. It is expected the service will be held June 7th.

Levi Turner, Jr., Esq., of Portland, has accepted an invitation to deliver the alumni oration at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, where he was prepared for college. He will also deliver an address before the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity of Bowdoin College some time during commencement week.

Mr. Stephen Longfellow Stephenson, C. E., died Saturday, May 21, at Gorham. Mr. Stephenson was born in Gorham 71 years ago in the house in which he died, and had always lived when at home. Mr. Stephenson was educated at Gorham academy and fitted himself as a civil engineer by experience and study by himself.

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—On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 7th, 8th and 9th, the good people of South Pittston will hold a grand fair in the "kindergarten" for the benfit of the chapel fund.

The prostration after the Grip is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does make the weak strong.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pill. Strictly vegetable. They greatly stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Items of General News.

The national fish hatchery, which Congressman Grout secured for Vermont, will be located at St. Johnsbury.

Storms and floods are doing immense damage to the crops in County Donegal, Ireland.

A cholera epidemic at Spleinigar, in the vale of Cashmere, continues its terrible course. In the last four days, out of 1731 persons attacked, 990 have died.

W. A. Thompson, a Canadian farmer of Chepstowe, Ont., came down to New York lately on solicitation of "green goods" men, and was swindled out of $500.

Members of Congress are talking about an early adjournment. The leaders seem to think that an adjournment can be reached by July 15th.

General Horace Porter has issued a final appeal to the patriotic citizens of New York for the Grant monument. He says that $46,000 more are needed.

Ex-President S. S. St. John of the defunct Commercial and Savings Bank of Kearney, Neb., has been arrested, charged with receiving deposits when he and the cashier knew that the bank was insolvent.

The certificate of the incorporation of the National Lead Co., of New Jersey, which has bought all the lead works in the country, was filed in the county clerk's office Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday. The capital stock is $30,000,000.

James A. Palmer pleaded guilty in General Sessions New York, to robbing Tiffany & Co. of $50,000. He is a manufacturer of gas fixtures at No. 326 West Twenty-sixth-st., and falsified his accounts with the firm. Judge Fitzgerald remanded him for sentence.

The legislature of Rhode Island assembled and adjourned, Tuesday. Governor-elect Brown and the rest of the republican candidates were sworn into office, a proclamation was made in ancient form, a salute fired and the inaugural parade commenced its march.

The cheap lodging house known as the Hotel Royal, located at 143 Court street, Boston, was the scene of a holocaust at 2 o'clock Friday morning. The fire started in the upper floor, and before the frightened inmates were aware of its presence the house was filled with smoke. There were 30 lodgers, and two are known to have suffocated, and others are missing.

The experts employed to examine the capitol at Washington, find the heating all right and think the lawmakers owe their lives to the excellent ventilation, the big fans creating off the sewer gas from a system of plumbing remarkable only for its blunders. The experts recommend a renewal of the entire plumbing except the water supply pipes. The cost of this is estimated to be under $70,000.

While the President was in Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, Sunday and Monday, he was guarded by detectives, though he was not altogether pleased with the innovation. On Sunday he attended divine service at the Presbyterian church, which was crowded and hundreds of people remained on the outside. He attended the memorial services in the evening, at the Central Presbyterian church, and on Memorial Day he addressed the people.

Lawrence and Methuen, Mass., are seriously affected with an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria. In Lawrence one Washington school is closed and in that vicinity the epidemic is very prevalent. In Methuen all the schools are closed and an extensive system of fumigation is being conducted. Isolation has been effected and the children are being rigidly looked after by the town police and every precaution is being taken against its greater spread. Deaths are numerous.

Capt. Cole of Montreal garrison artillery called on United States Consul-General Knapp at Montreal, Tuesday, and apologized for the outrage committed by some irresponsible members of his corps in ordering the United States flag down from the citadel on the Queen's birthday. Neither the officers of his corps nor any of the militia officers in the city, the colonel said, sympathized with those who had taken the flags down, and if the offenders were discovered, they would be severely reprimanded, unless further punishment was ordered by the militia department.

Bob Floyd, the fourth member of the band of train robbers who killed the messenger, Saunders, at Monroe Junction, Fla., on the morning of May 21st, has been captured. This man had jumped from a bridge thirty feet into the Suwanee River when being pursued by the posse and incapacitated. He was wounded Thursday afternoon by two of the workmen in the turpentine camp near Jennings, and at dark was lying concealed in the swamp, surrounded by fifty armed men with dogs. Within eight days from the "hold-up" and murder, all the men implicated in this crime had been either captured or killed.

Gen. R. D. Mussey died of dropsy at his residence in Washington, Sunday afternoon. Gen. Mussey was a native of New Hampshire, where he was born May 30, 1833. He afterward removed, with his parents, to Cincinnati. While a young man he was for a time engaged in a newspaper work, and during the winter of 1859—60 he was the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. Gen. Mussey rendered active service during the war and received a medal for special bravery. He was probably the first officer of the regular army who offered his service in connection with colored troops.

Saturday a ghastly sight met the eyes of parties engaged in digging the body of a soldier from Fort Lowell, Arizona, to the National Cemetery. The evidences were plain that James Deviney, a member of E. Troop, 4th Cavalry, who died four years ago, was buried alive. The head of the body was found turned over to the left and the right arm lying straight down by the side. The left arm was thrown over the left thigh and the lower limbs under the leg each other. It was clear that animation had returned after burial, and that he subsequently died in great agony. Deviney's supposed death was caused by a kick from a mule.

Dr. Henry T. Helmbold, formerly of New York, was taken Friday, to the New Jersey Asylum for the insane, at Trenton. He was at one time the owner of several large drug stores in New York. He patented several patent medicines and made from their sale a large fortune, which he squandered rapidly when his mind became weakened several years ago. He was sent to an asylum, but was discharged as cured about four years ago. Recently his mind gave way again, and last week he became dangerous. His wife had him at her cottage in Chelsea avenue, but was compelled to have him placed under proper restraint. There is no prospect of his recovery.

The President on Thursday, issued a proclamation that in view of the reciprocity clause in the tariff act of 1890, the government of Austria-Hungary has authorized the admission from and after May 1, 1893, into Austria-Hungary of all articles of merchandise, the product of the United States, named in the commercial treaties of Austria concluded with Germany and other nations on terms stated in said treaties. The articles on which the reduction is made is the reciprocity treaties with Germany, Italy and other countries and to the benefit of which United States is admitted, is number 202, but a considerable part of these articles are not exported from the United States.

Samuel Lamphrey of Belmont, N. H., an aged granger, was bunoced out of $3500 Saturday morning. A smooth talking man claiming to be James Renick of the Concord bank, called on Lamphrey and bargained for his farm. Another man appeared on the scene with another scheme which Lamphrey refuses to fall in with, and produced the old man to drive to Laconia and draw his money from the Belknap Savings Bank. Cashier Ashman was suspicious and sent Sheriff Gilley after Lamphrey. The old man thought he had the money safe in a tin cash box which the strangers left with him, but upon breaking the box open only two sticks of wood and some old paper was found.

All employés of the New England Granite Works at Concord, N. H., 400 in number, went out Tuesday night, the bill of prices signed May 31, 1891, having expired. The labor committee of employés notified the chairman of the manufacturers' committee that unless satisfactory arrangements were entered into before June 1, 1892, between the manufacturers of Concord and the Concord Granite Cutters' National Granite Union, every union man requires that he be paid June 2, 1892, in full for all work done prior to June 1, 1892, the existing agreement terminating May 31, 1892. The Manufacturers' Association replied that they could not accept this notice changing pay day, for it is not in accordance with the existing agreement nor in good faith; that it is out of the ordinary course of business and coupled with conditions not contemplated by the agreement; that the present situation is forced by existing and threatened strikes, not by a lockout, a change in wages or anything else. The association stated that it is willing to renew the old agreement until January 1st, 1893, or 1894; more than that it could not do.

ANSWERED FROM THE SCRIPTURES. A correspondent sends us the following good story: The late Bishop Doane of New Jersey was thoroughly opposed to prohibition, and his sideboard was lined with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion the Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him. "Can't do it, Bishop; wine is a mocker." "Take a glass of brandy, then." "No, strong drink is raging." By this time the Bishop got excited and remarked to Mr. Perkins, "Will you pass the decanter to the next to you?" "No, Bishop, I can't do that; woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." I should have thought the Bishop would have got his eyes open by that time.

Don't fool with indigestion. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The Argument Used

By the makers of the second-class baking powders to induce the dealer to push them off on Royal consumers is that they cost less than Royal and afford the dealer much more profit.

But you, madam, are charged the same price for them as for the absolutely pure Royal, which is perfectly combined from the most highly refined and expensive materials. The lower cost of the others is caused by the cheap, impure materials used in them, and the haphazard way in which they are thrown together.

Do you wish to pay the price of the Royal for an inferior baking powder, made from impure goods, of 27 per cent. less strength? If you buy the other powders, insist upon having a corresponding reduction in price.

Items and Incidents.

The stockmen of South Dakota have recently imported from Tennessee a number of Russian wolf hounds to help in the extermination of wolves, which have of late been killing numbers of calves and colts.

Your Blood

Undoubtedly needs a thorough cleansing this season to expel impurities, keep up the health-tone and prevent disease. You should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and system tonic. It is unequaled in positive medicinal merit.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

The women of Toronto not only took an active part in the local elections, but they compelled the men to work as well, and so robbed the rings of much of their power.

If you desire a beautiful complexion, absolutely free from pimples and blotches, purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Remove the cause of these disfigurements and the skin will take care of itself. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A man obtains his maximum height at 40 years of age, a woman at 50 years.

If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in your case.

Thomas A. Garfield, the only brother of the late President Garfield, resides on a little farm near Grand Rapids, Mich. The family consists of himself, now about 67 years of age, Mrs. Garfield, and a son, James Abram Garfield.

Mrs. Sarah Smith of Elmes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

It will undoubtedly surprise many persons to learn that the money or floral interests in the United States now reach a value of nearly $42,000,000.

Statistics show that more people die of consumption than from any other cause. Slight colds are the true seeds of consumption. Beware of the slightest cough. Adamson's Botanic Balsam stands without a peer. Trial size only 10 cents.

Deer are so numerous in parts of Michigan that the total destruction of the wheat crop is threatened. It is a violation of the law to shoot them.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

An average daily earning of an American locomotive is about $100.

When you want the **best medicine ever made,** use DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. It will **cure you.**

In Paris the common public schools are provided with medicine cases, and instructions are given for the use of the remedies.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Markets.

Report of Watertown and Brighton Live Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, May 31, 1892.

Names of Drovers.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN—None.				
AT BRIGHTON.				
R. Chadbourne,		16		
J. G. Littlefield,		15		
F. L. Libby,		17		40
S. H. Wardwell,		15		94
R. Connors,		16		14
Geo. Smith,		3		
C. H. Seward,		2		
Chapman & Weymouth,		16		

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 3944; sheep, 6314; hogs, 37,210; veals, 3321; horses, 968.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 99; veals, 148; horses, 166.

CATTLE EXPORTS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Exports of cattle from Boston for the past week were 3783 head. Says cable: Trade demoralized; a glutted market; prices 10@10¾c. dressed weight, less the offal.

POSITION OF THE TRADE

The market for cattle, especially for beef, has not visibly changed, certainly not in buyers' favor, though a shade easier can be bought this week without any greater outlay on the part of the butcher. Sales on western were 3@5c. per lb. live weight, for such cattle as sweep the scales at 1600 and 1650 lbs.

The sheep market moves steadily at last week's prices, and the supply at the present time largely from the West, mostly at 6c. for sheared lots.

Veal calves have come in profusely, and as a whole buyers were somewhat favored, prices ranging from 2½@4¾c., but mostly at 4@4¾c.

Hog market in a healthy condition. Trade good. Western live at 4⅞@5¼c., with country lots at 6¼c. dressed weight.

Milch Cows—Not a heavy demand. Fair call for good cows. Common cows dull. Sales at $20@$50.

Horse dealings are good in the city, if we do not include common grades. For the latter prices are lower than in the country. Good drivers at $150@$300; heavy draft at $160@$225; express, $160@$185; common horses at $80@$115.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

J. G. Littlefield sold 5 beef cattle, live weight 7590 lbs., at 4@4¼c. live weight. R. Chadbourne was at market with 16 fine Maine cattle, weighing 14,000 pounds, from 900 to 1400 lbs. dressed weight, and bought up readily by Sturtevant & Haley at top market prices, and we are quoted choice cattle at 6¼@6½c. dressed weight. R. Connor sold 11 veal calves, live weight 1390 lbs., at 4½c. F. L. Libby sold 39 veals, live weight 4810 lbs., at 4½c.

REMARKS.

From all accounts our Canadian cattle exporters have not started in on very favorable circumstances. They have had returns of their first shipments to England this season, and by cables we find owners are sustaining an average loss of $8 per head, and some shipments made owners losers of $15 per head. In fact, if we could put in port when the English market was more than full, and as they had engaged space for several weeks in steamers, there is not a chance for any owner to obtain anything that indicates a profit. American exporters also have been losers for the past two weeks, but the English market is strengthening, and are not in as bad a condition as the Canadians, as freights and first cost on our cattle is fairly low. The home cattle market could improve, without inconveniencing owners, but the rule is not at all flattering. All our New England cattle for Northern extra creamery. Some dealers claimed that 18 cents was as high as any Western would go if put on the market, and that only a few fancy brands went up to 19 cents. Some good Western were bought at 17 cents, but not full grass. Jobbers were meeting the wants of their customers at 20@21 cents, and occasionally 22 cents was asked. Choice Northern dairy was very fully up at 17@18 cents, and fair to good at 14@16 cents. In fact, there was a scarcity of nice dairy lots most of the week. A disposition has been developed to buy in imitation at 15@16 cents for storage, but the supply is limited.

There has not been enough cheese arriving to lower the market much. Fine new full cream moved off at 10¾@11 cents for Northern and 10@10¾ cents for Ohio flats.

Eggs were a little easier to buy yesterday, at 16¾@17 cents, and few sales of Western were made at over 16¾ cents. Buyers were holding off, waiting for further developments.

Beans have maintained a strong position and choice marrows were not offered yesterday in large lots under $1 85@1 90 per bushel. Choice hand picked mediums were steady at $1 80@1 85. Yellow eyes were quiet at $1 80@1 85 per bushel. Receipts of beans for the month foot up 3502 barrels against 6197 barrels for corresponding month last year. The indications are that full prices will be maintained during the remainder of the season.

Old potatoes are easier again, and supplies of new are rapidly increasing, it will be difficult to get another rise. Yesterday the best were selling at 50 cents per bushel by the carload. New Southern $3 50@$5 per barrel.

HAY. Hay has been meeting with a good sale, and prices are maintained. Fancy New York and Canada command $20@$21, and choice Eastern $15@$20 per ton. Ordinary grades, $15@$17. Rye straw is quiet at $16@$16 50 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

BEANS—Pea beans $2 00; Yellow Eyes $1. 90

BUTTER—Ball Butter 15c. Creamery 20c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 12@14c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 16@17c, per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 00@ 6 00; Patent $6 00.

GRAIN—Corn 65c; oats 48c; barley 65c; Rye $1 25.

HAY—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@16.

STRAW—$7 75@$8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4½c; bulls and stags, 2½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7½c; in tins, 8@8¼c.

MEAL—Corn 68c; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 20@1 25 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 8@9c; beef per side 5@7c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 12@14; chickens, 15@18c; mutton, 10@12c; spring lamb, 18c; veals, 8; turkeys, 18@20c; round hog, 7c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 30@35 cents per bu; cabbages, $1.50 per hundred; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 35@40c per bu.; squash $2.00 per hundred.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

APPLES—No. 1 Baldwins, $2 50@3 00; eating, $2 75@3 25 per barrel; evaporate 7@8c per lb.

BUTTER—18@20 for choice family; creamery, 20@21c.

BEANS—Pea, $1 95@$2 10; Yellow Eyes, $1 75@2 00.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 13@13½c; N. Y. Factory, 12@13c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 25@$4 65; Spring X and XX, $4 65@4 90; Roller Michigan, $4 87@5 10; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 25@5 50.

FISH—Cod Shore, $5 25@5 50; Scaled herring per box, 11@15c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $12 00@14 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 61@62; oats, 41@42; cotton seed, car lots, $25 50@26 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $26 00@27 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $21 00@22 00; middlings, car lots, $20 00@22 00; middlings, bag lots, $22 00 @24 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6@7¼c per lb.; per tub, 6½@7¼c; pail, 7@7½c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 13@14c; chickens, 15@17c; turkeys, 17@19c; eggs, 16@ 17c; potatoes per bush., 35@40c; extra beef, $8 00@8 25; pork, backs $15 50 @15 75; clear, $14 75@15 00; hams, 10¼ @10¾c; covered, 11@11¾c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

APPLES—Choice strung, 6@6c. per lb.; choice sliced, 8@10c.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 00 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 50@2 75.

BUTTER—Best, 20@21c per lb.; fair to good, 18@20c.

EGGS—13@14c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 12 @13c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 12@ 13c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 46c per bushel.

HAY—$10 50@11 per ton; best bales, $12 @13.

CORN—59c; meal, 55c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 35.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 6¼c. Chickens, 15@17c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, MAY 31.

CATTLE—Receipts 4000; shipments 2000; slow and steady; best steers at 4 25 @4 55; others at 3 80@4 10; feeders at 3 50@3 80; stockers at 3 00@3 50; cows and heifers, 2 60@3 25 Texans, 2 30@3 90.

HOGS—Receipts 19,000; shipments 10,000; active and 5@10c higher; rough and common at 4 00@4 60; mixed and packing at 4 80@4 95; prime, heavy and butchers' weights at 4 95@5 07½; light at 4 80@5 00; pigs 4 00@4 75.

SHEEP—receipts 8000; shipments 3000; active and strong; clipped Texans at 4 25 @5 25; Wool Texans 5 25@6 35; clipped natives 5 00@5 70; yearlings 5 50@6 90; spring lambs 7 25@8 00.

REMARKS.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, May 31.

United States Bonds, New 4s, (reg.),		116
" "	4s (coup.),	117
" "	2s (reg.)	100
Central Pacific 1sts.		108½

Latest Horse Notes.

—The double team trotting record on a regulation track was lowered to 2.13 Monday by Belle Hamlin and Globe at the Belmont driving track in Philadelphia. The team was hooked to a skeleton wagon weighing less than 100 pounds and trotted a mile without a break. The quarters: 33, 32¾, 34½, 33¾. The world's double team trotting record of 2.13 was made by Belle Hamlin and Justina over the Independence, Ia., kite shaped track, October 19, 1891. The previous best on a regulation track was 2.15, made at Baltimore last week by Belle Hamlin and Globe. In the 2.33 class Highland Boy won; best time, 2.26¾, the 2.24 class, Instant won; best time 2.22.

—The East Pittston Trotting Park will be improved this season. The association has decided to give its first trot the last week in July. It will occupy two days, the first day the 2.50, 2.35 and 2.27 classes will be called.

ABOUT HOOP POLES. Mr. S. W. Lawton has been a dealer in hoop poles in Skowhegan 45 years, having started in there in the year 1847. He has been the only buyer of hoop poles there the greater portion of this time, and is thoroughly familiar with the business, which he explains to the *Somerset Reporter*. Hoops are manufactured largely by men who do something in farming in the summer season, and who make the hoops and bring them to market in the late fall, winter and early spring. They are a cash article, and these men of moderate means use up the spare time they have from their agricultural operations in cutting hoop poles, drawing them to their premises, and working them into the marketable article, which they bring with their one-horse or two-horse sled or wagon, and bring them to Skowhegan. There are some, however, who do a larger business, hire men and teams to work for their account, and in the late, the hoop pole business in Somerset is done by men of limited means in small operations, wherein the whole family, boys and girls, take a hand in the long winter evenings when they work around a fire and add materially to the cash assets of the family thereby.

Mr. Lawton's customers come to him with hoops from a wide range of country, principally from Canada, but as he always knows them all, is familiar with their circumstances and habits, they all know him and rely upon him.

Mr. Lawton informs us that the drink habit is a serious detriment to some of these men, as it is to all classes. Once in a while, one sells his hoops gets the money in his pocket and is apt to visit the rum shops where the rumseller is ready to sell him a villainous compound upon which he is apt to get "plumb full" and get rid of every dollar of his hard earned cash.

Mr. Lawton has one customer in Boston from whom he has a standing order of 200,000 birch hoops per year. This season he bought 300,000 birch hoops but the year before he took in but a little more than 150,000 here and was obliged to go to make the balance of dealers in other parts of the State. Mr. Lawton also purchased last winter 150,000 long ash hoops. He says the supply of birch is practically unlimited but ash is getting scarce and customers are already going west for them.

BIT OFF ITS TONGUE. A Broken Bow, Neb., despatch says that a singular accident occurred there a few days ago, in which the 5-year-old child of a Swedish farmer, named Anderson, lost the greater portion of its own tongue. The child, a bright, frolicsome little creature, was running about playing, when he tripped, and falling, shut his teeth upon his tongue. The mother on hearing him found him unable to speak, with blood pouring from his mouth. Picking him up she endeavored to see into his mouth, when to her horror he spat the severed, bloody morsel into her face. So great was the loss of blood that, becoming alarmed when she found herself unable to stop the flow, she took him to a physician, who, with great difficulty, kept the little fellow from bleeding to death. Since then the child has not been able to articulate, though the doctors hope that when he grows accustomed to the shortening of the member that he may be able to talk. It is feared, however, that lockjaw may set in.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FLY — True Dalmatian Insect Powder, White Hellebore, Pure Paris Green, at PARTRIDGE'S Old Reliable Drug Store, Augusta, Me., Opposite Post Office.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, May 31.

FLOUR AND MEAL. There is very little change in flour to-day. Trade has been quiet and prices steady. We quote fine, superfine and common extras at $2 50@$3 50; extras and seconds at $3 50@$4 50; Minnesota bakers, clears and straights, at $4 20@$5 00; winter clears and straights, at $4 60@$5 15; winter wheat patents at $5 00@$5 50, and spring wheat patents at $5 00@$5 50 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers' and millers' prices. Rye flour is steady at $4 50@ $4 75 per bbl. Oatmeal is in steady request, with sales of ground and rolled at $4 25@$4 50, and cut at $4 35@$4 60 per bbl. Corn meal is firm. Sales of bag lots at $1 80@$1 85. Cracked is local sells at $2 55@$2 60 for choice kiln dried. Yellow granulated meal has been selling at $2 60@$2 75 per bbl.

GRAIN. The grain markets opened dull to-day after a holiday, and there was little change to report in prices. On the spot steamer yellow was offered at 60½@61c per bush, on track, but there was little offering and little demand. For shipment Chicago No 3 yellow corn was offered at 61c per bush by most shippers. There was a moderate trade in oats, and clipped on the spot were quoted at 42@42½c, No 2 white at 41½c and No 3 white at 40½c per bush. Clipped oats for shipment sold at 41½c, with 42c asked, and Chicago No 3 white at 40¾ per bush.

MILL FEED. The market for feed is steady. Spring bran in sacks is quoted at $16.50 @ $16 75 per ton. Winter bran at $18.50 @ $18 75 per ton, in sacks. Canada bran sells at $18 75 @ 19 per ton, in bulk. Middlings are quoted at $16 50 @ 22 per ton, in sacks. Cotton seed meal firm at $25.50 per ton, to arrive.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. The butter market has been in buyers' favor most of the week, and prices up to yesterday settled down about one cent per pound. From the few transactions yesterday the market may be quoted at 18@19 cents for Western, and 19 cents for Northern extra creamery. Some dealers claimed that 18 cents was as high as any Western would go if put on the market, and that only a few fancy brands went up to 19 cents. Some good Western were bought at 17 cents, but not full grass. Jobbers were meeting the wants of their customers at 20@21 cents, and occasionally 22 cents was asked. Choice Northern dairy was very fully up at 17@18 cents, and fair to good at 14@16 cents. In fact, there was a scarcity of nice dairy lots most of the week. A disposition has been developed to buy in imitation at 15@16 cents for storage, but the supply is limited.

There has not been enough cheese arriving to lower the market much. Fine new full cream moved off at 10¾@11 cents for Northern and 10@10¾ cents for Ohio flats.

Eggs were a little easier to buy yesterday, at 16¾@17 cents, and few sales of Western were made at over 16¾ cents. Buyers were holding off, waiting for further developments.

Beans have maintained a strong position and choice marrows were not offered yesterday in large lots under $1 85@$1 90 per bushel. Choice hand picked mediums were steady at $1 80@$1 85. Yellow eyes were quiet at $1 80@$1 85 per bushel. Receipts of beans for the month foot up 3502 barrels against 6197 barrels for corresponding month last year. The indications are that full prices will be maintained during the remainder of the season.

Old potatoes are easier again, and supplies of new are rapidly increasing, it will be difficult to get another rise. Yesterday

Married.

In Bath, May 25, Elmer E. Crooker to Susie E. Trask; May 24, George McQuarrie to Mrs. Elizabeth M. Poor, all of Bath.

In Brighton, May 19, Sumner C. Whitman of Brighton to Jennie Knights of Solon.

In Bangor, May 24, Justus Torrens Hersey to Winnie Mabel Page.

In Caribou, May 18, Frank W. Norton of Washburn, to Lizzie N. Farnsworth of Caribou.

In Cape Elizabeth, May 26, Jason E. Pickett of Cape Elizabeth, to Hannah Dailey of Portland.

In Dover, May 24, Madison J. Leavitt of Biddeford, to Irene Cook of Portland.

In Dover, N. H., May 24, Mattison M. S. Leavitt of Biddeford, Me., to Lizzie L. Cooke of Portland, Me.

In Fairfield, March

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Shepherd's Vision.

Among the mountain crags and rocks
A shepherd wandered with his flocks.
From 'neath a stone, with noiseless rush,
He saw a little fountain gush.
He saw a tiny streamlet flow
Down toward the valley far below.
He saw it leap from stone to stone
And clatter on with noisy tone.
And now it pauses, murmurs sweet,
And springs in glen a hundred feet.
Another streamlet joins its course;
It rushes on with greater force.
Despite obstructions in the way,
It makes no pause, it knows no stay,
But over stones and 'round the banks,
Down through the woods the stream descends,
Until as though its strength is spent,
Or tired out with the long descent,
It moves along in calmer tide,
With meadows green on either side.
And through the groves and round the hills
It wanders on, still fed by rills.
Beneath the bridge, and by the town,
Unresting still it hurries down.
And dams now often check its way,
And mill wheels in its waters play.
More deep and wide, although less fair,
A river now they call it there.
On, on it moves; on either hand
The many-peopled cities stand.
No dams are there to check its tide,
And on its bosom great ships ride.
With regal pride it sweeps along,
How wide, how deep, how grand, how strong!
But lo! it reaches now the sea—
They mingle for eternity.

And all of this the shepherd sees,
As, standing where the mountain breeze
May fan his brow, he stops to rest.
He sees it all, and in his breast
Are thoughts that no man may express,
Not even master minds, much less
A shepherd, who among the rocks
Is strolling over with his flocks.
But as he sighed and turned away,
A listener might have heard him say,
"How much in origin and end,
How much in course as it descends,
Yon stream is like the life of man—
Both after God's same mighty plan."
Augusta. J. GLAIR MINOT.

Our Story Teller.

THE PUIA.

It was the noon of a still and sunny day of summer when a party of settlers, of whom I, who write this narrative, was one, were making their way along the banks of the Waikato, in the North Island of New Zealand. It so chanced that I had ridden forward a little ahead of the wagon and the remainder of the party, and, reining my horse upon the summit of a ridge of wooded ground, looked suddenly upon a strange and striking scene.

The valley sloped on all sides downward to a little lake, in steps or terraces of snow-white silica, which had been deposited in the lapse of ages by the waters of a score or more of giant fountains, which at intervals along the terraces threw up their sparkling waters in the sun. These boiling geysers—or, as the natives call them, puias—were the first in my experience, and the beauty of the sight was of a kind which I could never have imagined. Vast, yet fairly built, these fountains of the Titans rose in throngs impossible to count, because their number every instant varied; even as the eye rested upon one, the jet would sink into its crater, while in a spot a moment before vacant another fountain was to be seen dancing in mid-air. From the crest of each a cloud of white steam floated slowly off on the still air. The steam was white, but the water of the spouting columns was of the deepest sapphire, which became a paler and yet paler azure as it cascaded down the terraces, and flowed into the lake over whose heated surface hung a veil of faint blue mist.

The caravan came up, with my companions. They shared in my admiration to the full; but, unlike myself, they were contented with a distant view. We had had a tiring march since daybreak, and not a man of them would volunteer to join me in a climb into the valley in order to explore the puias near at hand. On this, however, I had set my mind. We were to halt some hours upon the spot for rest and dinner, as well as for some slight repairs of repair about the wagon. Accordingly, when the horses had been unbridled and turned loose to graze, and while our native guides were busy splitting wood to build a fire, cutting rashers from a side of bacon and getting out the kettle and the gridiron, I started off alone into the valley.

The distance to the nearest puia was not over half a mile; but the descent at first was steep and rugged, and I made my way but slowly. As soon, however, as I reached the highest of the terraces the nature of the ground completely changed. It was now a crisp, baked surface, full of crevices and fissures, from many of which spirited jets of steam. I did not know the risk of walking heedlessly upon this thin and treacherous crust, which is liable at any moment to give way beneath the traveler's foot and to let him plunge beyond redemption into some horrible abyss. Luckily, however, though I stepped without the slightest caution, I reached the puia without accident as I stood beside its spouting fountain.

The jet, which was about a yard in thickness and some twenty feet in height, rushed with a tremendous hiss, or rather roaring, from its crater on the summit of a slightly elevated mound, exactly like a miniature volcano, down the sides of which the overflowing water poured in torrents to the lower terrace, and thence to the next. As I dipped my finger into the water, but withdrew it with a cry of pain; it was absolutely boiling hot. As I chanced to stand to leeward of the fountain, the cloud of steam which drifted from its summit was above my head and kept me in a drizzling shower of rain. I felt a lively curiosity to look down into the crater; but this, while the jet was spouting, was of course impossible. There was, however, not a hundred yards away, another puia which had been playing as I descended, but had now sunk under ground. To this, accordingly, I turned my steps, and, ascending its low mound, looked down into the empty crater.

The outside of the mound was comparatively rugged; but the interior was as smooth as polished marble and as white as snow—as snow on which the setting sun has cast a rosy luster of the most ethereal tinge. I have seen the inside of a sea-shell look exactly like it, but nothing else that I can think of. It was the shape of a huge funnel of some five and twenty yards diameter, with sides which sloped abruptly to the center, where the shaft, which measured about five feet across, descended like a well.

So far my observation led me. Then, with the most startling suddenness, my inspection was cut short.

The margin of the crater where I stood was formed of overhanging juts of silica, as brittle as glass. Alas! I did not know it, and I took no heed. Stooping forward to look down into the funnel, I threw all my weight with sudden force upon the edge of the jut on which I rested broke off short, and my foot descended on the slippery surface of the crater. I staggered—struggled wildly to recover—but in vain. In the very effort, like a reeling skater, I completed my disaster; I swung half-round, and fell full length upon the side of the incline.

For a second or two I remained stationary. Then I felt that I was sliding—slowly but surely sliding—down the shelving funnel toward the mouth of the abyss.

With a cry of horror I threw out my arms in a convulsive search of something to arrest my progress; but the projections of the margin were already out of reach, and my fingers only clutched upon the polished walls of the declivity, which grew steeper and steeper as they approached the chasm, which now, like a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping at me. A moment more, and with the horrible instinctive sense of falling from a height I dropped like a plummet into the darkness of the gulf.

For one instant, in extremity of horror, I felt that I was lost; the next, I was aware that something unexpected had occurred. I was no longer falling. What had happened?

As a rule, a geyser-shaft is as perpendicular as a coal-pit's, but sometimes, by mere chance, the shaft deflects and forms an angle at no great distance from the surface; and such was the case here. For twelve or fifteen feet the shaft descended vertically; then it ended on a slightly shelving floor of rock, from the edge of which a large tunnel, black and steep, sank down into the very bowels of the earth. This ledge, or landing place, received me as I fell; and thus, by the merest freak of fortune, it happened that, though bruised and shaken, I escaped the fate, which otherwise I must have met, of being dashed to pieces on the spot.

I felt a moment of relief—of joy. Yet had I cause for exultation? I gathered myself up, and looked about me.

There, above me, was the opening of the shaft, beneath a circle of blue sky, in which, to my surprise, a star was shining, though the time was noon. My wonder was, however, only momentary; the effect, I knew arose from looking up the tunnel of the shaft—as, in the broadest sunshine, the moon and stars are visible from the bottom of a well. A more momentous observation seized my notice; the interior of the shaft, wet, slippery and shining, presented neither crevice nor projection. Even as I looked I realized the horror of the fate before me. Escape was impossible—it was the captive of the geyser! Beside the rocky ledge on which I stood—a space about a yard in width—I could perceive, as my sight became accustomed to the feeble gleam which fell into the chasm, the awful throat of the abyss, descending, Avernus-like, for all I knew, into the very gulfs of fire. From the gorge a faint steam was to be seen, and in utter stillness I could hear, far down, the sound of gurgitating waters. In a little while—how long I could not tell—the moment of eruption would return and flood the chasm. I should be drowned—drowned like a trapped rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an instant death, and the abyss would have become a bubling cauldron. I should be boiled alive.

As the horror of this thought broke on me, my veins ran chill within me, and I shook from head to foot, as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for many minutes I remained like a man paralyzed, incapable of thought or motion, yet conscious—conscious of the keenest torture—of the flight of every moment. An expectation—a suspense unutterable—strained every nerve to agony. The instants numbered by my fevered pulses seemed to fall upon my heart like drops of melted lead. My ears were strained to catch the far, faint sound of the abysmal waters—a sound which might be changed at any instant to the roar which would anticipate my doom.

At last, with the spasmodic effort of a dreamer starting from the clutches of a nightmare, I roused my mind into exertion. Was I doomed—inevitably doomed? was there no possible escape before me? I turned my eyes again upon the shaft.

It was, as I have said, about five feet in width. A little narrower, and I might have had a chance of freedom; by setting my back against one wall of the ascent and my hands and knees against the opposite, I might gradually have worked my body upward, as a chimney sweeper's boy goes up a stack. As it was, however, the attempt was idle. Unable to employ my knees in climbing, I could not raise myself a foot above the ledge.

Then another gleam of hope shot through my mind. Could I cut notches in the walls, and so ascend, as by a ladder? I pulled out my hunting-knife and prepared to try its point upon the surface. Then I stood hesitating, knife in hand, afraid to make the trial and find my last hope taken from me. Yet the surface, though so polished, might quite possibly turn out friable and earthy. At last I struck the point against it; a shudder ran through every fiber of my frame; it was as hard as adamant—the steel blade barely scratched it. In a paroxysm of despair I struck with all my force against the flinty wall; the blade snapped short and fell with a ringing noise into the depths of the abyss, where I heard it strike from side to side as it descended. At last, as if it reached some vast unfathomable space, the sound ceased suddenly, and I heard no more.

Up to this moment I had forborne to cry for help; at least I knew too well that it was useless. The camp was half a mile away, and my loudest outcry, muffled by the chasm, would be inaudible at fifty yards from the shaft's mouth. Yet, at that moment, in the agony of desperation, I raised my voice and uttered a loud, long and piercing cry. But when shall I forget what followed? The sound had scarcely left my lips when it was answered by a voice within the gulf—by a cry, beginning low and quick, but swelling into a wild, reverberating peal or shriek, which stopped the very beating of my heart; a shriek so utterly appalling and unearthly that it seemed as if all the demons of the pit had burst at once into a scream of mocking laughter. Again, and yet again, the sound reverberated, in unimaginable echoes, through the air, or not what abyssmal caves and hollows of the world. Shaken as I was in every nerve, I could no longer reason; otherwise I must have told myself that the cry could only be a repetition of my own. No living monster's voice from the abyss could have appeared to me more real or more terrific. Scarcely knowing what I did, I flung myself upon my narrow platform and stopped my ears to shut away the sound.

When at last I ventured to unclose them the awful peal had faded into silence, and no sound was to be distinguished except the faint, continual voice of gurgitating water, which had not ceased to issue from the depths of the abyss. To this sound I now lay listening in a kind of frightful fascination for some minutes—five or ten. Then, as I listened, the sound, I heard, with freezing blood, a change of character take place within it—a change into a low, booming murmur, dreadful as a lion's growl. It was the waking voice of the eruption! At last my hour was come!

Rigid with horror, I threw myself against the wall, and, with starting eyes and panting breath, awaited the volley of the boiling stream. I heard the sound increase into a thunder—a fierce explosion shook the very rock—there came a blast, a shriek from the abyss: I felt a shock that stunned me, and the tremendous spout of water shot me from the gulf and hurled me fifty feet into the air.

Strange that I had never thought of this! that I had never taken into calculation the gigantic power of such a jet! How incredibly absurd it now appeared that I should fancy that a current of such force, would leave me in the hollow. Nor was I fated to be boiled alive; though its heat was only just endurable, it was by no means boiling hot. Had I been aware before that this occasionally happened, my bitterest despair would have retained a spark of hope.

But was my danger at an end? Far otherwise; the most extraordinary part of it—the part for which I despaired even that it ought to be credited—was to come. Experience of its kind—is now to be related. But how shall I describe it? How shall I recount the strangest, the most wildly singular adventure that ever mortal man escaped to tell of? I must take an illustration.

Every one has seen a ball or cork figure kept dancing on the summit of a garden fountain. Now, let there be imagined a stupendous jet five feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, tossing aloft, in place of a cork ball, a living man. Such was now my situation. There was the Brobdignagian fountain dancing in the sunlight, and there was I, the veriest pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its colossal crest. What mortal ever found himself in a position so grotesque and yet so terrible?

The motion of a body suspended on a jet of water depends, for the most part, on its shape and weight. If too heavy, it falls instantly; if too light, the fountain casts it off like spray. In form, a sphere is the most easily supported; but the capricious stream occasionally seems to take a fancy for another figure, so that the most irregular of bodies may sometimes be seen dancing long and wildly; and thus it was that I had been with me. My weight must have exactly suited the gigantic jet; it neither threw me off nor let me fall. At first, for several seconds, it kept me spinning dizzily upon its very summit; then, as I chanced to come erect, a position affording resistance. I sank suddenly a dozen feet within the body of the jet—only, the next instant, to be cast aloft again, tossed, whirled and flashed, at the will of the capricious waters. Of my sensations while this lasted, it would be in vain to speak, for I felt nothing with distinctness. The dizzy height, the strange resistance of the liquid column, the fiery sting of the heated water, the deafening roar of the cascade in falling, the dazzling iridescence of the sunlit steam and spray, the strangling sense of breathing air and water—I was conscious of them all, but vaguely, as of the phantasmagoria of a dream. My brain reeled, I grew sick and and dizzy; for some seconds I believe that my senses must have failed me—

Very suddenly, with an upward spurt, as if weary of its plaything, the fountain seemed to fling me from its summit clear out into the air.

The height was fifty feet; I fell revolving like a wheel. Had the fountain cast me off at the first instant I must infallibly have been dashed to peaces on the margin of the shaft. But the crater had had time to fill with water, and it was at the point at which I fell was now at least ten feet in depth. Into this I came down, luckily feet first, with a force which drove me violently against the bottom. But the water broke my fall. Faint, gasping, but uninjured, I rose to the surface, and exerted my remaining strength to strike out for the brink.

But even yet my danger was not over; indeed, as it happened, I was only just in time. Even as I was about to seize the projecting rough projection of the margin, the fountain fell; a moment sooner, and nothing could have prevented me from being sucked into the chasm with the rush of water. I felt the current seize and drag me backward. With a convulsive effort I put forth all my energy to reach the peak; my fingers touched it—clutched it; I drew myself up high and dry, and, failing at full length upon the brink, I lay there for a long time without sense or motion.

When at last I rose, I was still giddy, weak and shaking. It was with the tottering steps of an old man that I set out to make my tedious way to the encampment—there to relate the strangest tale of peril that ever struck the listeners with amazement. As I reached the ridge above the valley, I turned and looked once more behind me. The puia was still underground, but even as I looked I saw it burst again from the abyss and uplift its glittering crest against the sun. It was, as when I saw it first, a thing of beauty. But now I saw it with an altered eye, which made its beauty terrible.

CHANGED HIS MIND. I was riding across New York city an evening or two ago on a street car. It was raining, and the car was filled with people. I stood on the rear platform, the only other passenger outside being a tall, broad shouldered, handsome young man with a blonde moustache, and the conductor. At Broadway, a spruce young fellow, nicely dressed, stepped on the platform and was just about to push his way into the crowded car, when the handsome young man with the blonde moustache touched him on the shoulder and said pleasantly,—

"Stay out here, please."

"What do you mean, sir?" fiercely demanded the spruce young fellow, turning around.

When he saw the man he was talking to, his face fell and he seemed much disconcerted. The handsome young man smiled and replied,—

"Well, I'd like to have you in my company for a little while, and beside, if you stay out here, you will save me the trouble of making a speech in the car."

The spruce young man stayed outside until Seventh avenue was reached, when he jumped off the car with a gruff,—

"Good night!"

"Good night," pleasantly replied he of the blonde moustache.

I turned him then asked what he meant. He laughed and said,—

"Oh, if he had gone into the car I would have said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, look out for your valuables. This man is a pickpocket.' He knew what my speech would be, and he remained outside, you see."

The handsome young man with the blonde moustache was one of Inspector Byrnes' best men, and the spruce young man was a thief.

A man never realizes how much valuable advice his neighbors have to give away until he announces his intention to build a house.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Didn't you think the organ was unusually loud during the Sunday services? Yes. I understand they hired the village milkman to pump it.

A Springfield mother calls her unweaned baby Sarcasm, because he's so biting.

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. That's nothing. Any newspaper in this country can do that much with only one cut.

Women swallow flattery as babies swallow buttons—without any idea of the trouble that may follow.

Primus—"They didn't think my speech was cut and dried, did they?" Secundus—"No; they wouldn't possibly think any of it had been cut."

"If there is anything I dislike," said Biggins, as the editor returned his witty effort, "it's a man who won't take a joke."

"I'm going to start my boy in life as a maker of weather-vanes," said Parkly.

"What an idea!" "Yes. In that business one gets to the top at once, don't you see?"

Miss Dogget(to man who has returned her "lost" pet)—Here's a dollar, my good man. I hope Fido didn't give you much trouble? Man (with the air of a martyr)—That same he did, mum. Oi had to keep him toied oop in th' cellar, an' sit there and watch him all day, or he'd 'a' broken loose and run back home.

"You attend Sunday school, do you?" inquired the Rev. Mr. Smith of Nellie. "Then you must know a great deal about the Bible. Now tell us something nice that's in the Bible here, can you?" "Yeth thir. Sis hath same dreed leaves in it, a pieth of Aunt Jane's weddin' dreth, a pieth of my dreth when I was a baby, thome hair, and Sis' fellow's picture."

JUST LIKE A BOY. "Papa?"
"Well, dear?"
"Will you untie this string for me?"
"Yes, in a moment."
"I want the string now."
"Well, papa's busy, and you must wait a few minutes."
"Can't you do it right away?"
"No, I can't."
"Why?"
"I told you I was busy."
"But I want the string to put on my little wagon."
"Well, I'll get it for you in a minute or two if you keep still."
"I can't drag the wagon without a string to it."
"Well, what if you can't?"
"But I want to draw it."
"I can't help it if you do. I'm busy now."
"It's more than a minute since you first said you'd do it."
"It will be a good many minutes before I untie it if you don't stop teasing me."
"But I want the string."
"Well, wait until—"
"I've waited a long time now, papa?"
"You'll wait longer if—"
"Can't you untie it now, papa?"
"No, I cannot."
"Why?"
"Don't you see that papa is busy writing, and—"
"It wouldn't take but a minute to untie the string, and—"
"Harold, I tell you—"
"There's the string, papa."
"Did you hear what I said?"
"I want the string to put on my little wagon."
"Go away, and—"
"I can't draw the wagon without a string."
"Now you run right out of this room."
"What for?"
"Because you're bothering me so I can't write."
"If you'd untie the string I wouldn't bother you any more."
"I tell you I don't—here, give me the string. I declare, you might as well try to dam Niagara as to stop a boy's tongue. There's your old string, you take it and git right out of here."
"Yes, papa—thank you for untying the string."

BURDETTE ON TIME. Six working days a week; that's all you can get unless you steal from Sunday, and if your business requires you to steal either time or money, you'd better give it up and get into something with more honesty and less profit in it. What you can't finish this week postpone until next, or forever; and what sticks out over the end of the year saw off and put in the stove, writes Robert J. Burdette. Four seasons have passed and that's all there is. You must make a fresh start every year. It isn't an easy matter to learn how to do this, but you've got to learn it sometime, either before you die or when you die; why not learn early and get the profit and the comfort of it? Every day of my life the evening is apt to find something on my programme that I haven't got to. I say, "Maybe I won't do that to-morrow," and as a rule I don't. I go to sleep and forget about it. Every year closes with uncompleted work on my hands, and that year ends that work. I'm not going to drag it over on me into a new year. I used to do that, so that about half the time I was working six weeks ago instead of to-day, and dragging, wearisome business it was. When you die there will be unfinished work and unsettled plans on your hands. Then what are you going to do? Take it to heaven with you and bother and drag along with it there? Not much you won't. Well, then, why not learn to drop some of it here? It is a hard lesson to have learned, but once learned, it is more refreshing than a glass of cool milk to the lips of a man with the grip.

A WAR STORY. A bright little boy, whose home is in a neighboring city, numbers among his adult friends a Grand Army veteran whose name for story-telling purposes may be called Rose. The boy had listened eagerly, and with absorbing interest, to Mr. Rose's descriptions of the battles that he had helped to fight during the war of the rebellion. The story-teller, although not a braggart, had the true story-telling instinct, and he did not forget to mention the conspicuous part that he took in the various battles. The conflict of which Mr. Rose loved best to talk was the battle of Gettysburg.

It was in that conflict that his own prowess shone to the greatest advantage. As his own recollection ran, he took such an important part in that fight that, in the imagination of his impressionable young listener, his personality dominated the historic scene. Not long ago his father took him to see a realistic panorama of Gettysburg. The boy had eyes only for one panorama. He scarcely heard the terse description that his father undertook to give of the famous battle, but after feasting his eyes upon the scene he turned to his parent and inquired: "Pa, is this the place where Mr. Rose worked?"

KNEW HIS BUSINESS. The clothing man had printed a big advertisement, and he was honest and had much business. A facetious customer came in.

"I like this," he said, sticking out a copy of the paper containing the ad.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clothier.

"You say here: 'A good boy's coat for fifty cents.' Can't a bad boy get a coat for fifty cents, too?"

"Yes, said the clothier, politely.

"Then why not make the ad. to read: 'A boy's good coat for fifty cents?'" And the customer laughed the laugh of a man who always has everything just right.

The clothier was as serene and gentle as the gospel of truth and light.

"Because," he said, "I meant it the way I put it. We can't sell a boy's good coat for fifty cents. We can and do sell a good boy's coat for fifty cents, and if a bad boy wants one of that kind he can have it exactly at the same price. See?"

Then the facetious customer put the paper in his pocket, and took one of the coats home to his boy.

A DOG IN PLACE OF RENT. "Sir," said an anxious inquirer in the shape of a young man, as he deferently made obeisance before Mr. Curtis Bennett, at the West London Police Court, "can you advise me in my difficulty? My landlord has seized my dog for the rent. Is he justified in doing so, sir?"

"Yes," briefly replied Mr. Bennet. "A dog is a chattel, and your landlord can seize your chattels if you don't pay your rent."

This brief colloquy, says the Gallgnani Messenger, establishes a new and important use for dogs. Instead of undertaking the risky and unsatisfactory process expressively known as 'shooting the moon,' a distressed tenant may present his landlord with a poodle or a pug in lieu of rent. One dog, if properly trained to return to the householder after a brief sojourn with the house proprietor, may suffice for the ordeal of many quarter-days. Owners of animals with the qualification may even demand exemption from taxation on the ground that—like the dogs of shepherds and blind men—they pay the rent.

NOTHING WASTED. In Paris, says the London *Saturday Review*, nothing is wasted, not the smallest scrap of paper; that which everyone else throws a way here becomes a source of profit.

Old provision tins, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into cakes, while the tin goes to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again, and generally there are two or three others in the sole, the heel, and at the back. Scraps of paper go to the cardboard factory, orange peel to the marmalade maker, and so on.

The ideas suggested are not always agreeable, and to see a rag-picker fishing orange peel out of the basket is enough to make one forswear marmalade—but there is worse than that. The most valuable refuse—that which fetches 2 francs the kilo —is hair; the long goes to the hair-dresser, while the short is used, among other things, for clarifying oils.

Curious Things.

A Russian Rat Tamer.

The Paris *Temps* publishes an extraordinary article on rats. It appears that at the Folies Bergeres there is a Russian rat tamer who is now giving a funny exhibition. He has fat rats, lean rats, black rats, white rats, big rats, and strangest of all, little rats. Everybody has seen a big rat, but for a little rat it is necessary to go to the Folies Bergeres.

"I found Douroff, the rat trainer," says the *Temps* reporter, "overseeing the work of laying a miniature railroad, circular in form. In a sort of Franco-Russian gibberish he was scolding the workmen who were handing a little train formed of a locomotive, three wagons and a baggage van. When this was done, a little wooden station house was brought out and put in position. All along the line were posts for switchmen and signals. Then when all was ready a cage full of rats was carried behind the scene.

"Douroff clapped his hands. Immediately the rats came out and jumped upon the platform of the station. Half a dozen fat ones climbed into the first class carriages and sat there like aldermen. About half a dozen white rats with their heads and necks dyed black so that they looked as if they wore cloaks, got into the second class and a ragged looking set of Bohemian and artistic rats took the third class. Upon the platform a great fat fellow, the boss station master, or *chef de gare*, as the French call that official, walked pompously up and down and superintended the whole business, paying special attention to a band of white chaps that were handling the freight. These employés took in their teeth the handles of the little trunks and carefully placed them in the van. A whistle is heard and then the engineer takes his position. Another chap gets into the lookout and another takes up his position in the pointsman's box. There is another whistle. The locomotive puffs and the train starts. On the top of the disc a gray rat, after climbing up the little iron ladder, looks down upon the moving train. Everybody laughs.

"It's comical, isn't it?' said Douroff to the reporter. 'And doubtless you think it wonderful; and yet the whole thing is done with the greatest simplicity. Except the education of my little baggagemen, the thing was accomplished without the least difficulty. This is the way I managed it: At their breakfast hour I placed the blank rats on the platform in front of the first class carriage, in which their bread and water was prepared for them, I did the same for the passengers of the second and third class, as well as for the engineer, the switchmen, the lookout and baggageman. They all got their food in the proper places. At first I trained each group separately, and little by little the habit grew upon them until I let them all out at once. Each one took his place without the least hesitation. As for the locomotive it is unnecessary to say that it is not run by the engineer. It goes by a sort of clock work and that's the way the trick is done.'"

A Visit to a Petrified Forest.

The Rev. Dr. H. C. Hovey of Middletown, Conn., has just returned to this city from a visit to the petrified forest in Arizona. Speaking of his experiences, he says: "When I arrived within about fifty miles of the spot where this wonder was said to be, I discovered that my only way to reach it was to leave the railroad right there and take horse across the sandy, arid plains, as for some reason the railroad will disembark no travelers near the forest. After covering a part of this distance I found a place where my horse could no longer serve me. I had reached a stream of liquid mud 600 feet in breadth and of unknown and unfathomable depth. I finally found a spot where I could cross on driftwood until I reached a point about ten feet from the farther shore. I feared for a time I would never be able to reach the farther side, but finally found a log, with the aid of which I leaped the remainder of the stream. There was a house near by at which, I was surprised to find, there lived a nephew of the celebrated Albert Barnes, who wrote the best commentary extant on the New Testament. Although he was ill abed, he did all he could to assist me on my way. His wife volunteered to go out and get me a horse in a distant pasture. After she had been gone an hour we became very greatly puzzled to know the reason for her long absence. I was prostrated with fatigue and could not walk out to look for her. After three hours had passed she returned a pitiable sight. Her hands and clothing were torn and there was blood on the club she carried. The dog that accompanied her was in a dying condition from the attack of wolves, which they had beaten off after a long running fight. However, I left the next day for the forest, and was successful in finding it. The wonderful beauties of that place have never been told. It was all strewn with the strong limbs of that once green forest. Here silence reigned and all was as a sepulchre of the dead. Some great earthquake had rended the trees from their places after they were turned to stone and the fragments lay heaped in grand ruins all about the ground. It was once a waving green forest of great extent, and here were such valuable stones as agates, opals, chalcedony, cornelian, beryl, onyx and many others in the greatest profusion. They glittered where the great limbs were broken in twain and strewed the ground on all sides. I gathered fifty pounds of the most beautiful specimens, obtaining a few rubies and sapphires. I took all I could carry, and it was only after the most strenuous efforts that I could get the railroad men to let me carry them away. For some reason they have adopted these plans to keep the great wonder untouched by man, and have succeeded very well. I expressed the stones to my home and will soon follow them."—*Kansas City Times.*

THE OLDEST DIARY—ONE CONSCIENTIOUSLY KEPT FOR OVER THREE CENTURIES. The oldest diary in the world, according to a Japanese paper, is that of the Hozaka Kaschin. The diary has been conscientiously kept by the various heads of the family for more than three centuries.

It was begun at the time of the fall of the Tadekas, who were masters of the Kaschin under Yoritomo, the great Japanese ruler. The pages of the ancient books fail to show that the Hozakas were especially distinguished either for intelect or prowess.

There is no doubt, however, that they were conscientious in the discharge of their duties, and lived the peaceful lives of Japanese gentlemen. The state of the weather was naturally a matter of great importance to them, and each day they chronicled its condition.

But the books have other entries as well. A short time ago a dispute over precedence took place between two branches of the same family in Kaschin, each claiming to be the original line. The contestants appealed to the Hozaka diary, and found the record of a dinner given several hundred years ago by the head of the family to the founder of the side line.

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All these bells sink into insignificance, however, when compared with the great bell at Moscow, which weighs about 500,000 pounds. Next in weight are the bells of Pekin, 350,000 pounds; of Pekin, 125,000 pounds; of St. Ivan, in Moscow, 115,000 pounds; of Nankin, 50,000 pounds; of Lisbon, 45,000 pounds, while the great bell at St. Peter's, in Rome, weighs 40,000 pounds.

ROUEN'S WILD MAN OF THE WOODS. An alleged "wild man of the woods" has been discovered in the district near Rouen, known as Petit Quevilly. This extraordinary person lives in the forest by preference and thoroughly enjoys the prevailing frosty weather, although he is in rags. He receives a pittance from his mother, which enables him to buy bread, meat, and tobacco. A wood-ranger, who met the man recently, making his pipe placidly at the foot of a tree, insisted that he should accompany him to the nearest gendarmerie. The so-called "savage" complied, but the brigadier of gendarmes could not arrest him as a vagrant, for his "papers" were perfectly in order. He was allowed, therefore, to return to his sylvan seclusion.

A GLUTTON OF THE SEA. According to the San Francisco Chronicle, the most voracious of all marine beasts of prey is the orca or killer whale. It reaches a length of 25 feet, and its jaws bristle with from four to six inches long and as sharp as a dirk knife. Its digestive power is proportioned to the tremendous efficacy of its weapons. It can eat to be an atrocious glutton, as one specimen examined contained in its stomach 13 porpoises and 14 seals.

Twenty-two acres of land are needed to sustain a man on flesh meat; while the same amount of land under wheat feeds 42 people; under oats, 88 people; under potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176 people; and under the plaintain, or bread fruit tree, over 6000 people.

The largest advertisement in the world is that of the *Glasgow News*, cut in the shape of flower beds on the sides of a hill. The name of the journal can be seen and plainly read at a distance of four miles. Each letter is forty feet long.

Young Folks' Column.

Ah! Good morning, friends. What is the matter? Are you all sick with la grippe, or are you troubled with *ennui* that you have not written for our column, but left it almost entirely to the smaller children? for "men," and women, too, "are but children of a larger growth."

I suppose you think by my venerable speeches that I am either a wrinkled up old maid, or an old lady with from a dozen to seventy-five grandchildren; but I would have you understand I am neither, but just in the prime of youth, and can rake hay, dig potatoes, (and eat them, too,) and milk cows as well as the next one. If the cow kicks, so much the better; something for excitement. I don't mean *I* should be excited, probably the cow would. Would any one like to hire a milkmaid? or perhaps I might give myself away, if circumstances looked favorable.

One thing I don't believe in, and that is for women to be all the time picking up men's faults. Every one must have their faults, men and women both, and what good does it do to be all the time cackling about them? As long as women think as much of them as they do now, and every woman is not satisfied until she gets one, I think they had better let their faults rest. Most any man had rather be a bachelor than a be pecked to death.

Has any one a few remarks to make?
FLINK.

Dear Editor: My papa takes the *Maine Farmer*, and I have been reading the nice little letters which the children have written. I think they are very nice, and mamma told me if I would try to do the best I could I might write one, too. I am a little girl six years old. I have not been to school any yet, but have studied at home. I read in the fifth reader, and spell in the large spelling book. I have been most through my little arithmetic. About six weeks ago I commenced to learn to write, so you see I cannot write very well; and if you cannot read it you may throw it into the waste basket. I have three dolls and a rag baby. I play school with them and have lots of fun. I have no little brothers or sisters to play with. I have four little nephews and one little niece. I have two half brothers both married, and two of my half brothers have died. I have for pets two cats; one's name is Lily, she is 13 years old, and the other's name is Silky; she is 2 years old. We have 6 little lambs.
STELLA B. LEMAN.

East Palermo.

Dear Girls and Boys: I am ten years old. I thought I would write a letter for the young folks' column. I like to try to guess the answers to the riddles that are given. I hope you will keep the young folks' column filled as you have for the past three months. I like to read the *Maine Farmer*, especially our column. I have been sewing patchwork this spring. It takes 49 squares to quilt the quilt. The answer to Jessie Whitney's riddle is Andrew. I will close by sending two verses, and kind wishes to all. Probably some of you have heard them before, but I do not think it will hurt you to hear them again:

Water for washing,
And water for drinking;
There's nothing like water,
Fresh water, I'm thinking.

Put nothing but water
In cup or in pitcher,
And then, merry men,
You'll be wiser and richer.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have not written for your column for quite a while, but will do so now. I wonder what you are all doing this spring. I am braiding a rug; I think it will be quite pretty. I want to hook a rug when it is finished. I suppose you all have been going to school this winter. My school finished a short time ago. Since school has finished I have read the book entitled, "The Prince of the House of David." Now, I have commenced "The Life of P. T. Barnum." How many of you have ever read them, and how do you like them? I think that both are splendid. I intend to have quite a large flower bed this summer. Perhaps I will write and tell you about it some time. I wish you would all write about your flower beds, and what you are doing. I will close now, so as to give the rest room. Your friend,
E.

I am a little boy 8 years old. I live on a farm. My father takes the *Maine Farmer*, and I like to read the young folks' column very much. My father has a yoke of oxen; they are 8 feet, and weigh 4,700 lbs. My father has a hay press. They press 1,000 tons of hay. I have 3 sheep, and 2 lambs. I have two brothers; their names are Fred and Willie. My eldest brother has a threshing machine. He goes threshing in the fall. He had the grip, and it caused him to lose his speech. The doctor thinks it will come back in a month or two. I have a little cousin; she lives with us; she is 4 years old, and her mother lives here, too. I think I have written quite a letter.
HENRY OWEN TAYLOR.

Augusta.

Dear Editor: I am a little boy 12 years old. I take the *Farmer* myself. I like to read the children's column; also the first page of the *Farmer*. My papa is dead, and my mamma does not live on a farm, but will as soon as I am big enough to do the work. I have one little brother 10 years old and a little sister 7 years old, but she cannot walk; her name is Daisy Pearl. Everybody loves her. We took her to school in her carriage this winter when it was pleasant. She has beautiful hair, it is most beautiful specimen, obtaining a few rubies and sapphires. I took all I could carry, and it was only after the most strenuous efforts that I could get the railroad men to let me carry them away. For some reason they have adopted these plans to keep the great wonder untouched by man, and have succeeded very well. I expressed the stones to my home and will soon follow them."—*Kansas City Times.*

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